

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

No. 41.—VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.
WITH CARTOON.

COTTON TRANSPORTATION IN INDIA.

THE engraving on this page of the JOURNAL represents a small caravan of carts, laden with Indian cotton, on their way to the Ganges. These rude and clumsy two-wheeled vehicles—the wheels

of solid wood—have slowly made a toilsome progress from the table-land of Bundelcund, in the central provinces of India, and have just effected the difficult descent to the Gangetic valley, by a



COTTON CARAVAN RESTING UNDER A BANYAN TREE.

steep mountain-pass, at the foot of which their drivers have paused to rest for the night, under the shelter of a huge-spreading banyan-tree. The bullocks which have drawn the carts, and a few camels accompanying the caravan, have been unharnessed, and are reposing in the shade, or refreshing themselves in the adjoining stream.

On the next page we give an engraving of a cotton-fleet, on the Ganges, descending to Calcutta, where the cotton will be shipped to Europe and to China. The boats for carrying cotton are the largest and broadest used on the Sacred River; for, as the cotton has not been subjected to any pressure, the bales are very large and unwieldy, and occupy far greater space than the same weight of American cotton on its way to market. The boats are generally fitted with outriggers, attached to their sides, in order to increase the space for stowage. As the current of the Ganges is very swift, the boats require but a single sail to give them steeerage way, and this is generally hoisted on a stunted pole, and is almost always ragged and picturesque in its form. The boats are all flat-bottomed, and no two are of the same size, shape, or fashion. They carry each a crew of from eight to twelve men, who cook and eat and sleep on board, seldom landing except to purchase food, firewood, or tobacco. They pass their lives almost upon the river, floating quietly by populous cities, by Mohammedan mosque and serai, by Hindoo temple and palace, by English factory and guard-house, and anon by jungles, swarming with tigers, with elephants, and snakes of monstrous size, and, finally, they reach Calcutta, where their cotton is landed and pressed, and properly baled, and then embarked on European and American ships, to feed the factories of England and of France.

Of the Sacred River itself we copy the following graphic description from a recent number of *All the Year Round*:

"The Ganges takes its rise in the Himalaya Mountains, issuing from a low cavern, beneath a huge mass of ice that, somewhat resembling in shape the head of a cow, is by some supposed to have given rise to the veneration in which that animal is held by the Hindoos. That the basin which the water has formed at this point is not the real source of the river, is a matter upon which most persons are agreed; but it has yet to be determined what stream or streams may in justice lay claim to the parentage of the Sacred River. The honor is aspired to by two that rise on the north side of the mountains, in the neighboring country of Thibet, as also by several others that have their sources within the mountains themselves; but, whatever or wherever its real fountain-head, the spot in question has for so many ages borne the distinction, that a village has sprung up in its immediate neighborhood, for the accommodation of pilgrims, who flock yearly, though in steadily diminishing numbers, from all parts of India, to bathe in the holy fount. This village, by name Gangoutri, is a small place, inhabited only by those who gain a livelihood by the sale of the holy water, by providing lodging and refreshment for the pilgrims, or by presiding over the performance of their solemn rites.

"Leaving Gangoutri, the river winds its way by many devious paths, southward through the district of Gurhwal, overshadowed by snow-capped, inhospitable mountains, home of the eagle and wild-goat. This tract is wild and beautiful, but desolate, abounding in striking and majestic scenery, but neither populous nor much traversed. At length the Ganges pierces its rocky barriers, and, through a narrow opening, forces its way into the plains. On this spot stands Hurdwar, the scene of the celebrated fair, or melah, and, with its domes and bathing-places, its gay flags and varied architecture, and, above all, with the beauty of the limpid stream that flows through its very streets, forms an object of romantic loveliness that favors not a little its claims to peculiar holiness. The river at this point is of no great width, and the confined nature of the locality, with its jutting rocks and intercepting hills, has, on more than one occasion, caused the death of several of the enthusiastic votaries, who, at the moment indicated by the astronomers, press forward to plunge into the sacred stream. No other festival is so numerously attended as is this fair. The crowds which resort to Allahabad or Benares are far outnumbered by those which twice a year flock to Hurdwar. Many days before the festival, the roads leading to the spot are thronged with crowds of people. Long lines of hackeries and native wagons filled with muslins, gauzes, silks, and woollen stuffs; of camels, groaning under the weight of huge bags filled with apples, peaches, plums, grapes, and figs; of cows and bullocks, tottering beneath great sacks of grain; women, chattering and squabbling, laboring under the burdens their husbands disdain to bear, or

squatted on the tops of the packs of merchandise, keeping watch and ward over the household-utensils that adorn the pile; children, naked to the skin, toddling by their sides, or resting on the wagons; men, holding arguments in stentorian tones, or screaming shrilly at some unfortunate yoke of oxen that has managed for the hundredth time to fix the wheel of the *ghari* in the tenacious mud of the road—all, amid a perfect Babel of sounds, groan, pant, and toll onward, in their endeavors to arrive first. The beggar by the roadside thinks the golden age is come again, buxheesh and food are so plentiful. The sick and the dying are almost envied, so blessed are they accounted in being near to the great watery highway that is to lead them direct to heaven. Those who, after selling all they had, have toiled on foot many hundreds of miles to render their homage at Gunga's shrine, are treated with peculiar veneration. Those who are about to take a leading part in the approaching ceremonies, or on whom devolves the duty of ordering and arranging the vast assembly, pass among the crowd, encircled with a halo of reverence and awe. So, when the long-expected day comes round, the favored spot and its whole neighborhood are brilliant and bright with the busy throng. The temples are filled with anxious devotees, eager to render themselves fitted to receive the fullest extent of sanctity which the river is capable of accord; the streets are almost impassable with hurrying crowds. The meadows round the town, and every open space, are bright with garments and trappings of many brilliant colors. Long lines of low tents stretch away on all sides, each canvas covering sheltering from the rays of the burning sun an excited merchant, clamoring to the passers-by to purchase his wares. Hindoos and Mohammedans of every class jostle one another with a magnanimous disregard of the ordinary differences of nationality and caste; Cashmerians, with long black hair, their bodies enveloped in numerous dirty rags; men from Thibet, and half-savages from Gurhwal; representatives of every neighboring hill-tribe, scarcely distinguishable, one from another, by any fashion save that of their hair—all are for once in their lives jumbled together without any respect to social standing. Here tumblers and jugglers are practising their tricks; fakirs, seated on their mats under the shade of a tree, are proclaiming their virtues aloud, and receiving very substantial tokens of the approval of their audiences; bargains are being struck with as much greediness and zeal as if the whole end and business of the meeting were buying and selling; horses and tats are being ridden or led up and down for the satisfaction of cautious bidders; business in all shapes rages throughout the place. When the sun enters Aries, and the waters of the Sacred River attain their greatest sanctity, all mundane affairs are carefully put aside for the time, and all present hasten to the river. So, by degrees, the professed object of the melah—immersion in the river—is, with its attendant feasting, accomplished. Business regains the upper hand, and, with consciences set at rest, the crowds plunge with greater eagerness than before into the din and bewilderment of traffic.

"The Ganges now flows onward through a plain on which it sheds countless fruits and flowers. For twelve hundred miles it winds down the slow descent, until, at a distance from Hurdwar equal to little more than half its navigable length, it discharges its swollen waters through a hundred mouths into the Bay of Bengal. Except where its progress, half-way to the sea, is arrested by the concluding links of the chain of the Vindhya Mountains, it flows through an unbroken champagne country, gentle undulations here and there alone breaking the monotony of the dull and boundless flat. Any one travelling from Calcutta to Lahore cannot fail to be impressed with the conviction that the land has once reposed beneath some mighty ocean, whose waters have retired, and left behind a rich alluvial deposit to fertilize the new-sprung waste. But, in truth, the Ganges is the unknown sea, and the alluvial deposit the product of her agency; for, when the snows have begun to melt, and the rains to fall, the river for three months pours itself out over the land. In Bengal proper, or rather in Lower Bengal, when the Brahmapootra, flowing in a nearly parallel course, and swollen in a similar manner by the rain and snow, sends out its floods to meet those of the sacred Ganges, the water extends across the country for more than a hundred miles. Along its whole course, the river is lined for miles around with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation. In the more northern districts, at the foot of the Himalayas, are forests of beautiful and valuable woods; and, along the northern banks, fields of wheat wave incessantly, and wildernesses of tall sugar-cane are met with everywhere. Farther south, wheat and barley give way to cot-

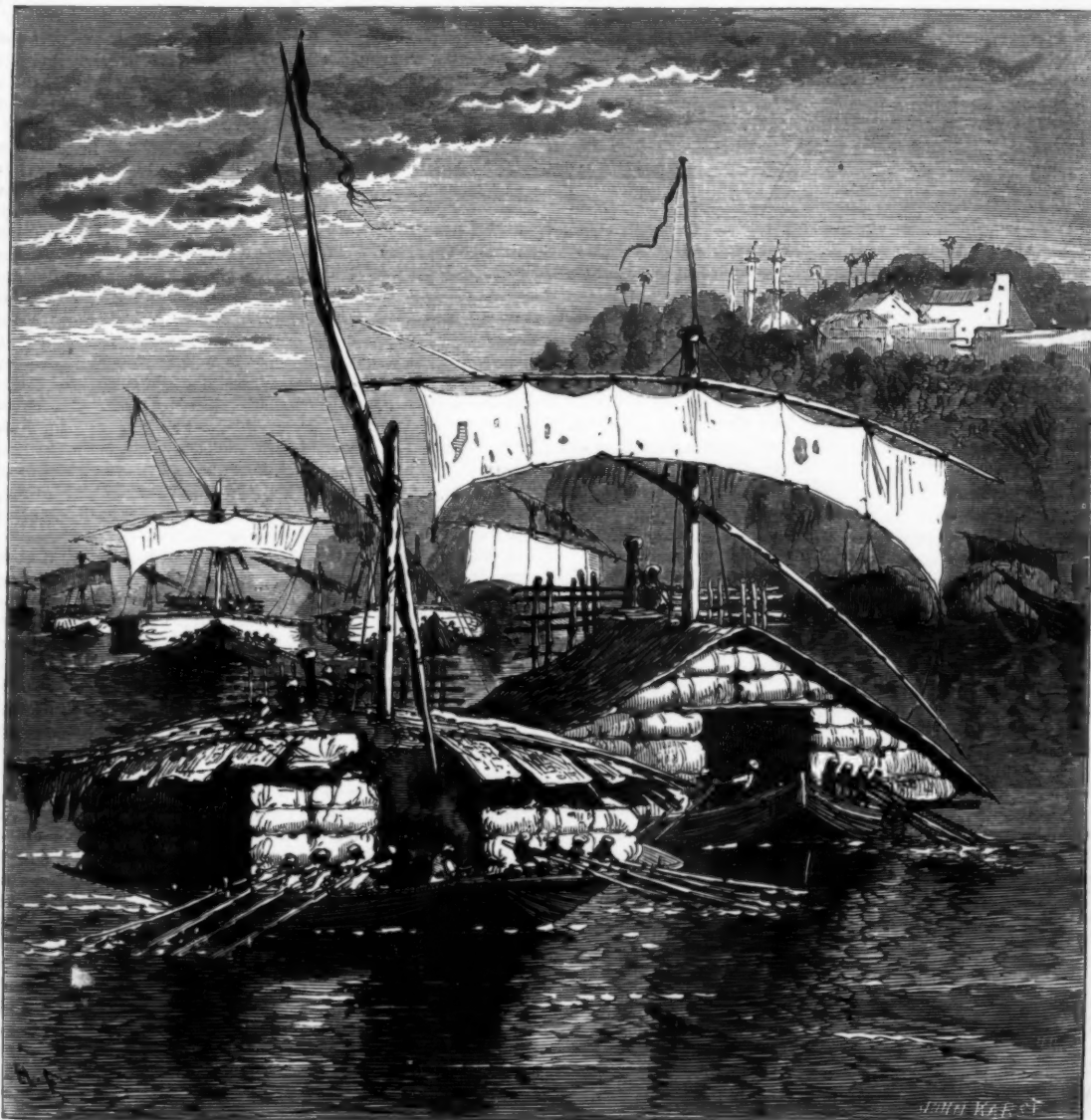
ton, to the red and white poppy, to indigo, and, above all, to the much-prized paddy. Harvests fall before the sickle of the reaper twice a year; in some parts, three times. Plantains, or bananas, dates, coconuts, and mangoes, grow all along the stream; and animals of every kind, from the royal tiger to the timid hare, drink of its wave. The deer and the wild boar are found in certain parts, and the lion has recently been hunted near its stream. Bears, jackals, panthers, leopards, wild-cats, hyenas, monkeys, and baboons, are common. Partridges and snipes, herons and storks, swarm on its banks; peacocks, green parrots, jays, minors, and every variety of beautiful and richly-colored bird, infest its jungles. Crocodiles may still be found in its lower branches, on the low-lying lands of the Delta, whose marshy surface teems with venomous and destructive reptile and animal life."

Besides its striking features of natural scenery, the Ganges is remarkable for the number, antiquity, and picturesqueness of the cities on its banks. The first of these as we descend the stream is Futteghur, a place chiefly memorable because it has twice afforded shelter to bodies of English troops assailed by native rebels. The first of these occasions was in 1803, when Lord Lake defeated Holkar, the famous Mahratta chief, in the neighborhood of Futteghur, and rescued a body of English residents whom the natives, confident

in Holkar's success, had begun to massacre, and who had taken refuge in the fort. The second occasion of the kind was in the great mutiny of 1857, when a small body of English shut up in the fort resisted for three days a large force of mutineers, but were finally compelled by hunger to take to their boats at night and make their way to Cawnpoor.

The last-named place, which obtained so infamous a celebrity in the great mutiny, stands a little way below Futteghur, on the same side of the river. The scene of the massacre here perpetrated has been so changed since its reconquest by the English, that the places thus made memorable are no longer recognizable. The well in which the dead bodies of the murdered Europeans were found has been closed, and a monument built over it.

The next important place below Cawnpoor is Allahabad, whose battlemented fort occupies a commanding position at the junction of the Jumna with the Ganges. This fort is triangular, one side guarding the Jumna, another the Ganges, and the third looking northward over the plains of the Doob. It is a handsome and commanding building, its walls of rich red freestone forming a pleasing contrast to the verdure of the surrounding country, and to the bright waters of the rivers that flow beneath. Allahabad is a spot much visited by



COTTON COMING DOWN THE GANGES.

pilgrims, being one of the most celebrated prayagas, or confluences of rivers, in India. It is said that here the Ganges, the Jumna, and the Sereswati, unite their waters: an assertion which the devout Hindoo supports, by explaining that the latter river, which is entirely invisible, and of which no traces can be discovered either in the neighborhood or in the pages of history, flows underneath the ground, and rises at the point where the other two meet.

About sixty miles from Allahabad the river makes a bend, on the northern or convex side of which stands the ancient and famous city of Benares.

"The appearance of this town, as seen from the river, is most striking. Mosques, with delicate minarets towering to the sky; temples, with domes surmounting walls of varied hues and quaint architecture; street rising above street on the sloping bank of the river, whose waters lave the stone-built houses, picturesquely covered with luxuriant creepers; ghats with flights of broad and shallow steps; boats heavily laden, passing and repassing on the stream; natives, with their various and richly-colored garments, flitting in and out among the buildings; the whole scene tempered by the dark-green foliage that, sprinkled here and there throughout the town, betokens the residences of the wealthier inhabitants; all these things, seen under the rich light of a tropical sun, form a scene of great interest and beauty. Benares is a place of considerable sanctity, and is visited by immense numbers of pilgrims. The numerous attendance of these persons, all bent on acquiring by acts of charity and almsgiving the favor of their gods and ministers, fills the town with beggars, who, squatted at the sides of the narrow streets, utter a perpetual wail of lamentation, and weary the traveller with importunate cries for alms."

Benares is preëminent as a seat of Hindoo learning as well as religion. It has six native colleges, of which the largest numbers six hundred scholars.

Patna is another large town on this part of the course of the river. It is the capital of a fertile district, and is a great mart for cotton as well as for indigo and opium. It stretches for nine miles along the river, and presents an imposing appearance.

Murzapoor, on the south bank of the river above Benares, is also an important mart for cotton, and is a large and flourishing town. Several hundred miles below stands the ancient city of Moorshedabad, once the capital of Hindostan, and the scene of many tragic and momentous occurrences.

At this point the Ganges ceases to be a single river, and divides itself into two or three branches, which form between themselves and the sea the delta on which Calcutta and several other large towns are built. Beyond this, therefore, we will not attempt to trace the route of the cotton on its way to its final destination.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNINGES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

But every thing was hushed and asleep in the house of the Suffolks when Laurie shook hands with the critic, and stood at his door in the raw, chilly air of the winter morning to see him go. Laurie had not been keeping late hours for some time past, and the excitement had roused him out of all inclination for sleep. He went back to his fire and pushed away the impedimenta from his table, and, with his nerves all thrilling, and his brain in a feverish commotion, began to write. Perhaps the soda-water had affected him slightly, too—and the hours of talk, and the novelty of what he had in hand, had undoubtedly affected him. He sat till his fire burned out and his lamp ran down, making his first essay at composition. It seemed to him very easy in his excitement. "If this is all they make so much fuss about—" he said, feeling himself not only capable of the *Sword*, but of greater things. The street was beginning to wake to the first sounds of the morning when he threw himself on his bed, chilled and exhausted, yet full of content. Surely, after all, this rapid art, which could be caught up without any study, and the effect of which was immediate, was more to the purpose than the labor of months upon one piece of can-

vas, which might affect nobody, not even the Hanging Committee. New prospects seemed opening before him also—prospects more vast and boundless than those which flickered before the eyes of Suffolk and his wife. What if this were now that tide in the affairs of men which it behooved him to take in its flow! He left his sketches lying about—paper and chalk and canvas all muddled together—to be dealt with, in the absence of the portfolios, by the maid-of-all-work; but he took his little writing-desk, with his new production in it, to his bedroom with him, where it might be in safety, and fell asleep when the milkman was going his rounds, feeling himself, as it were, on the edge of an altogether new career.

His composition, however, did not look so hopeful when he got up a few hours later, and read it over in the calm of noon as he ate his breakfast. Miss Hadley over the way had seen that his room was vacant all this time, the windows open, and papers fluttering about in the chilly air. She could not understand why he lost so many hours on such a bright morning, or what had become of him. It was nearly one o'clock before he had done dawdling over his tea, reading and re-reading his criticism. After all, it was not quite so easy. He made a great many emendations, and then took to doubting whether they were emendations, and grew querulous over it, and sadly disturbed in his confidence. Then he folded it up and put it in his pocket, and, snatching up his hat, rushed down-stairs. "He is going to the Square," Miss Hadley said, as she saw him dart round the corner; and she stood for a long time at her window, pondering whether Jane could be right about that matter. "She will never be so silly, and he will never be such a fool," said the old lady, and sat down again, with her mind quite excited, to watch when he should come back.

The padrona, for her part, was standing at her easel, troubled with many uncomfortable thoughts. She had looked at herself in the glass that morning longer than usual, and had decided that there were a great many lines in her face which she had not thought of noticing. "I am getting old," the padrona said to herself, and laughed; and then, perhaps, sighed a little. She laughed because she felt as young as ever, and age seemed a joke as it entered her thoughts; and she sighed because—who can follow those subtle shades of fancy? And then she began to think. Laurie Renton was but a boy—not more than four-and-twenty at the outside, she calculated, reckoning as mothers do. "Harry was beginning to walk when I saw him first, and Harry will be eight in March," said the padrona; "and Laurie was but a schoolboy then, not more than seventeen." Four-and-twenty! He could not be more—nothing but a boy. And Jane Hadley is an old fool—that was the easiest solution of the difficulty. Mrs. Severn liked Laurie, she said frankly to herself. It was pleasant to have him running in and out, with all his difficulties and all his wants. He was such a good fellow—so frank, so natural, so willing to help everybody, so transparent about his own affairs, so—affectionate. Yes, that was the word; he was affectionate. Half banished, as it were, from his own family, he had linked himself on to hers, and she was pleased it should be so. And as for any folly that might enter any one's head! "These old maids!" Mrs. Severn said to herself, though it was not like her to say it; and thus she tried to dismiss the subject. If he came too often, she might perhaps suggest to him that it would do him a great deal of good to go and study in Italy for the winter. "And I should miss the boy," the padrona said to herself, with candor. But in the mean time there was nothing she could say or do. It was simply ridiculous to think of taking any other step. At her age! and such a boy!

She was still working at the picture which Mr. Welby had commended. It was a commission from her patrons, the Riches of Richmond, and was to be hung in a spot chosen by herself in the bright country-house, full of light, and air, and flowers, and every thing sweet, to which they sometimes invited her. Edith's little "wooden sister" was standing to her at the moment, draped in great folds of white. She was working hard at the folds of the dress, and studying with puzzled anxiety the position of the limbs, which Mr. Welby had declared had no joints in them. And she was any thing but grateful to Jane Hadley for throwing, just at this moment, an additional embarrassment into her mind. It was while she was thus occupied that Laurie rushed in breathless with his tale of last night's proceedings, and his paper to read to her. Any prudential thoughts that might have entered her mind as to the propriety of keeping him at a distance vanished at the sight of him. It was all so perfectly natural! Who else should he go to, poor fellow, to tell his doings, to communi-



Patrons of Art.—Chapter XXIV.

cate all his difficulties and his hopes? Mrs. Severn blushed to think that she could have allowed herself for one moment to be swayed from her natural course by such absurdity. Jane Hadley must have lost her senses. Should the boy go to old Welby and tell him? Should he confide in his landlady? Who was there that he could come to in his difficulties but herself?

"I have brought it to read to you," said Laurie, "if you can take the trouble to listen. I am afraid it is dreadful trash. The truth is, I was a little excited about it last night; and now, this morning—" He was abashed, poor fellow, and explanatory, and very anxious to impress upon her all the excuses there were for its imperfection. Somehow, every thing had a different aspect in the morning. He went on, playing with the paper; and then, making a dash at it, began to read. It was not very good, to tell the truth. There was an attempt to be funny in it, which was not very successful, and there was an effort after that airy style which so many young writers attempt unsuccessfully; and then there was a rather grand conclusion, full of big words, which Laurie had risen into just as he heard the first cry of the milkman, and felt that it was necessary to come to an effective close. The padrona went on painting very steadily at her easel. She had the notion, which women so often entertain, that a young man, with all those advantages which a man has over her own sex, could do any thing he chose to do, and especially Laurie, her own *protégé*; and yet here, it was evident, was something he could not do. The writing in the *Sword*, though it was said to be nothing remarkable, was not like Laurie's writing. Poor Laurie's narrative, instead of the sober little history it ought to have been, read like a bad joke. He might have been sneering at Suffolk, for any thing the reader could have made out, and patronizing him oppressively at the same moment. Never woman was in a more uncomfortable position than was Mrs. Severn standing at her easel. Laurie himself was so conscious of its weakness and flatness, that he attempted, by dramatic tricks with his voice, to give it effect. "Good heavens! Suffolk will go mad," the padrona said to herself; and then there was a word or two about Mr. Welby. And the author sat breathless, trembling, yet with a smile of complacency on his face, to hear her opinion. Poor Laurie! whom she had already driven to the utmost bounds of patience in respect to his picture! She shivered as she stopped to arrange the drapery on the little lay figure. Certainly, to be Laurie's adviser-

in-chief, was a post which had its difficulties as well as its pleasures.

"Is that, all?" she said, when an awful pause of a minute in duration warned her that the moment to deliver her judgment had come.

"All!" said Laurie, flattered by the question, and beginning to take courage. "I should have thought you had found it quite long enough."

"Well, perhaps it is long enough," said the trembling critic; "but still I think there might be another paragraph. You have not said anything about the German sketches, for instance, which were so clever; and you know, if I am to be a critic, you must let me find fault. There are one or two turns of expression—what is that you say about Mr. Suffolk having lived out of the world?"

"This young artist has little acquaintance with the ways of the world," read Laurie. "He loves Nature, which is open to high and low. Instead of conciliating the critics and picture-dealers, he has satisfied himself with the models on the steps at the Trinita di Monte. Perhaps we ought to warn him that this is not the best way to please the British public—"

"Mr. Suffolk will not like that," said the padrona. "It looks as if you meant something against his character. It looks like a sort of accusation—"

"Why, it is a joke!" cried Laurie; "every one must see that at a glance."

"But people are stupid," said his critic, taking courage. "I think you should change it. And then about Mr. Welby. Don't you say he has almost given up painting? There is nothing he hates to hear said like that."

"Our veteran master in the art," read Laurie, "'feeling his own strength decay, has called upon a younger brother to fill his place—a substitution at which artists will rejoice.' I mean, of course, that everybody will be pleased to find he is spared the trouble."

"But he will not like it," said the padrona. "I think I would say, instead of that about the Trinita di Monte, that he has spent a great deal of his time in Rome, and has caught the warmth of the atmosphere and brilliancy of the color, and so on; and Mr. Welby—I would say how graceful it was on his part to lend his aid to a younger man, and how ready he is to appreciate excellence. You told me to say what I think. And don't you think if you were to begin just plainly by saying Mr. Suffolk's works were exhibited at

the Hydrographic, instead of that about the gem that is born to blush unseen—"

"In short," said Laurie, with a flush on his face, "you don't like any part of it—beginning, or middle, or end."

"Yes, indeed I do," said the treacherous woman. "I think it is very nice; but I am sure you could improve it. Don't be offended. You could not expect to turn out a Thackeray all at once."

"Nor a Michael Angelo," said Laurie, despondingly; "nor any thing. I shall always be a poor pretender, good for little—and this attempt is more ridiculous than all the rest. Well, never mind. If it were not for poor Suffolk's sake—"

"For Suffolk's sake you are bound to do it—and do it well," said Mrs. Severn; "and for mine—I mean for everybody's who cares for you. To begin at three o'clock in the morning, after a night of talk and smoke, and then to be melancholy because you are not pleased with your work! There are pens and paper on that table, Laurie, and I will not so much as look at you. Go and try again."

"Do you mean to say you care?" said Laurie; and he went and stood by her, while she continued to work.

He thought it was a little hard that she never turned, never looked at him, but went on painting faster than usual, making false lines in her haste. He had no thought that she was afraid of him, and of any foolish word or look which might change their position to each other. He stood wistfully with his heart full of unspeakable things, yearning for he knew not what, longing for a little more of her, if it were but a glance from her eye, a touch of her hand. She had wounded and mortified him, and then she had bidden him try again; but would not spare him a glance to show that she cared—would not stop painting, and going wrong. He stood and looked on watching her in a kind of fascination. She had been hard upon him, and he had felt the sting, and forgiven her; and now he might make reprisals if he would. He put out his hand suddenly and took the brush from her hand.

"I am not going to be trodden on forever," he said; "I am the worm that turns at last. I am going to put in that elbow; you are doing it all wrong."

The padrona never said a word. She gave the brush up to him, and stood looking on while he carried out his threat—looking at the canvas, not at him. He did it, and then his heart failed him. He had not an idea how much alarmed she was, and terrified for the next word. He had not made any investigations like Miss Hadley's into the state of his own feelings. He did not want any thing—except to be near her, to have her attention, her sympathy, and do whatever she wanted. Now he became alarmed in his turn, at his own boldness, and humbly laid the brush out of his rash hand.

"Padrona mia, I am a wretch, and you are angry with me!" he said. Then Mrs. Severn laughed, and broke the spell.

"We are quits," she cried, with a nervousness in her voice which Laurie could not account for. "You have given me the upper hand of you, Laurie. Now go and sit down yonder, and write your paper all over again from the beginning. I accept your elbow: you are bound to do what I tell you now."

"As if I did not always do what you tell me!" said Laurie, and he went and sat down at the writing-table, eager to please her. As for the padrona, she took up her brush with a little shudder, feeling she had escaped for this time, but that it might not be safe to trust to chance again. The foolish boy! And yet with all his folly there was so much to like in him! Perhaps even the folly itself was not so despicable in Mrs. Severn's eyes as it was in those of Jane Hadley, who had never been fluttered by alarms of this description, the good soul! But this sort of thing, it was clear, must not be allowed to happen again.

The paper, however, was written, and much improved, and, at last, toned down by repeated corrections, was declared ready for the *Sword*, and worthy of that illustrious journal. By that time it was dusk, and there was no choice but to let him stay to tea. The padrona sent her attendant from her to listen to something new Alice was playing, with a genuine horror of Jane Hadley's comments, and annoyed consciousness of which she could not divest herself. But the young man stayed only ten minutes by Alice, fair though the child was, and sweet as was her music in the soft wintry gloaming, and came straying back again to the little group on the hearth-rug, to share Frank's footstool. "He says he is to go to the pantomime, mamma," said Frank, whose whole being was pervaded by the sense

that Christmas was coming. "And I say he is to go to the pantomime. Mamma, I love Laurie," said little Edith. "But, my pet, I am not Laurie's mamma to take him to the pantomime," cried the padrona loud, so that Miss Hadley could hear. Alas! Miss Hadley did not take the trouble to listen. She looked, and saw Laurie half on the stool, half kneeling, with the firelight shining on his face, and that turned upward to Mrs. Severn, who sat back in the shadow, with an expression, as the goodness thought, which nobody could mistake. Was it the padrona's fault?

CHAPTER XXIV.—A PATRON OF ART.

Nothing could be more satisfactory in every way than the notice in the *Sword*. It was not eloquent, nor too long, and Flasher was pleased. "By Jove, Laurie, I was afraid you'd go in for fine writing, or for chaff, which is as bad," he said, with an air of relief. And it was very clear and distinct as to Suffolk's merits. It made such a commotion through the whole district around Fitzroy Square as has seldom been equalled, except just at the opening of the Academy. The paper was lent about almost from house to house. "Have you seen what the *Sword* says of Suffolk's picture?" one would say to another. "I hear it was all through Laurie Renton." It almost seemed to Laurie as if people looked at him more respectfully in the streets. At all events, the fellows at Clipstone Street showed a difference in their manner; and yet there were some even there who shook their heads. "He would never have made much by art," said Spyer, who went now and then, and drew for an hour or two, by way of keeping himself up, "or I should have been sorry; the pen and the pencil don't agree. But it's a good thing for Suffolk. The dealers are beginning to look after him. It's enough to make a man sick, by Jove! years of work go for nothing, when a paltry half-dozen words in a newspaper—! If I was a young fellow like the most of you, I'd do something to put a stop to that."

"What can any one do to put a stop to it?" said one of the young men. "We have no private patrons nowadays. We have only got the public and the press, to do our best with them. Laurie Renton draws very well for an amateur; I hope he will not end in the *Sword*."

"Laurie Renton was born an amateur," said Spyer; "he never was any thing better, and couldn't be. Let him take to writing. That's what heaps of people do after coquetting with art. He may make something of that; but he never will paint a picture that has any chance to live."

"He draws very well, all the same," said Laurie's defender. But on the whole, though it gained him an amount of respect and importance among them, his little attempt at literature did not raise Laurie's reputation. It looked like a defection to the painters around him. Though it was but for once, and took up but two columns in the *Sword*, he was given up as having gone over to literature, which, in the opinion of the Clipstone-Street fellows, was a very easy and well-rewarded trade. Suffolk himself did not quite know what to think. He lost not a moment in going to see his critic, and thanking him for the good word he had said for him. But yet he was a little unwilling to acknowledge that it was Laurie's paper which brought that picture-dealer to see him. The very next week after, the *Looker-on* had a notice of the Hydrographic, and followed Laurie's lead, praising the picture with still greater effusion than he had allowed himself; and even Mrs. Suffolk, when she saw this, was moved in her heart by a momentary feeling that Laurie had been very measured, and even cold, in his approbation. She was grateful, and so was her husband—but—. There was a degree of pleasure in their satisfaction with the *Looker-on*, which was wanting in their gratitude to Laurie. Gratitude is a cumbrous thing to move about with. And Laurie felt that even the padrona expected him, now he had begun, to go on writing articles. One morsel of print implied to all these innocent people an engagement on the *Sword* at least, and ready entry into literature in general. If he had gone on writing and stood up like a man for his friends, the society which surrounded him would have felt that he had done his duty. But there seemed to all his comrades a certain cowardice in contenting himself with one effort. That he should have exerted himself on Suffolk's account was quite comprehensible; but to stop there, and do nothing further, and say no good word for anybody else! It was that he did not choose to take the trouble, people thought—not even for the padrona;

for nobody suspected that Laurie would have been torn by wild horses rather than have put her sacred name into profane print. This was a refinement of sentiment which no man could be expected to enter into. Mrs. Severn herself was perhaps a little disappointed too. It would have been but natural that she, his closest friend, to whom he came with all his troubles, should reap the benefit of the pains she had taken in getting him to write: but never a word in celebration of the padrona's pictures came into the *Sword*. "He does not care for them, I suppose," she said to herself with a little sigh, not taking it unkindly, but with a doubt which clouded her sunny sky sometimes—a secret suggestion in her mind that her pictures did not deserve admiration. She sighed, poor soul, because she could not make them better, not because it was not in her heart to conceive of higher things. But then she could not afford to wait and think, and collect her full strength, and do her very best. Sometimes she pulled at the tether that bound her, with that impulse toward excellence which is in every sensitive nature. But she could not stop long enough in her ordinary work to achieve any thing beyond it. She thought Laurie did not consider her picture worth talking about, and contented herself without any bitterness. He was not doing what, in the merest commonplace way, he might have done for her; but the padrona, who was fond of Laurie, did for him what few painters are disposed to do for one another: she offered him a share in the one special piece of goods which no artist likes to share. She had the magnanimity to send him a note to Charlotte Street, in the end of March, on one of those coldest of spring mornings, to come and meet her patrons, the Riches of Richmond, at lunch.

The padrona was not given to the writing of notes, nor indeed had she much occasion so far as Laurie was concerned, who seldom was absent from the square for an entire day. But he had felt, without knowing how, a certain difference in his reception since the day on which he wrote his paper at Mrs. Severn's writing-table. Not that she was less kind or less interested in him—perhaps it was, though the young man did not think of that, that there was always somebody there, and that the third person, instead of keeping in the background, was brought into the conversation, and spoiled it. Perhaps Mrs. Severn, too, thought the interloper spoiled it. Talk is pleasant, a quattr' oochi; but then the interloper was needful. This depressed Laurie's spirits in spite of himself. There was not much that was exhilarating in his prospects generally. Nothing more had come of his literary ambition after that one paper, and his work as an artist went on by fits and starts, with no particular aim in it to spur him on; and his friends, who were all in the heat and fervor of their work for the exhibition, naturally felt that a man who was not preparing for the Academy, who had no share in their white heat of excitement as to the decision of the Hanging Committee, was still something of an outsider. And a cloud had risen on his intercourse with the Square. Laurie was low, and felt despondent about affairs in general. And the chilly spring and the east winds affected his—temper, he said. Probably it was something else besides his temper that was affected. He had begun to say to himself that he was a useless wretch, and not good for much, and that it was ridiculous to hope that he could ever make any mark in the world; and would come home from seeing his friends of nights, who were all so busy, with a certain sensation of misery. The padrona's pictures had been put into their frames, though she was still working at that one for Mr. Rich, and her studio was beginning to get freshened up and decorated in preparation for the private view, which every painter affords to his or her friends and patrons. Even old Welby had taken down the white canvas and the Angelichino, and placed two of his own pictures to have the final touches given to them, and to be exhibited before they went to the Academy. As for Suffolk, he was working with a kind of passion at the big picture which he had so unsparingly criticised. The canvas was as big as that one of Laurie's, on which the chalk outlines still lingered, and there were but two figures in it. The maid in the low arched doorway, in her white kirtle, was dismissing her lover with an inexorable sweetness and sadness; the young man was resisting, and refusing to be dismissed, his dark face glowing with love, and trouble, and angry protest against fate. They were the representatives of two races, hostile, yet fated to mingle; and there was in the picture, moreover, a deeper issue—that struggle of love and duty which it is sometimes best for the world should not be decided on duty's side. Laurie would stand and look at it, and wonder why he could not have done it as well. Sometimes

a vision of the Edith of his imagination, with a still deeper force of expression in her face, would flit across this canvas; but he had discrimination enough to know that Suffolk, in his place, would have painted that Edith had all the world been against him. After all, it was his own fault, but that was no particular consolation; and he felt himself left outside, out of their calculations, almost out of their sympathy, at this particular crisis of fate, when everybody was too much excited about his own luck, and his neighbor's, to have leisure to think of the rest of the world. The moment for sending in to the Academy was like the eve of a great battle in Fitzroy Square and its environs; and Laurie, who was not even a volunteer to come in the *mille*, could not but find himself sometimes out of place among those excited groups, with their one subject. He was interested in their fate, but he was not himself putting his own to the touch; and he was a little low in consequence, and heartily wished the crisis over, and things going on again in their usual way. Let who would object, Laurie said to himself, with a kind of desperate resolution, he would have something to send next year.

It was while he was full of these melancholy thoughts that the padrona's little note came to him. He had been there the night before, and Miss Hadley had been present—even in the studio, to which, in former times, she never dreamt of penetrating. To be sure, there was a kind of a reason for that now, in the renovation that every thing was undergoing; but still it was rather hard never to be able to say a word to one's friend, never to receive an expression of her opinion or of her kindness, without Miss Hadley's keen eyes upon one's face. And Laurie had grown almost angry at this perpetual intrusion. He was idling over one of his school studies, when Mrs. Severn's note was brought to him. It was the briefest little note, but at least Miss Hadley had not interfered with that.

"Come," it said, "and lunch with us at two, and meet the Riches. They have just sent me word they are coming to see my pictures. They are my great patrons, and they may be of use to you. I will tell them who you are—a grand seigneur turned painter—and they will be immensely interested. Don't laugh at them; they are such good souls."

"You were a little cross, do you know, the other day?—and I cannot have you cross. We are all so busy there is no time for talk."

"M. S."

This was the note, and there was not much in it. It was the padrona's soft heart which had made her add that last little coaxing, half-apologetic sentence, and perhaps it was foolish of her. But then, though it was certainly necessary that Laurie should be cured—and that without mercy—of any foolish notions that might have stolen into his foolish young head, still for one moment, once in a way, it was a comfort to be free of Miss Hadley; and she had said nothing that his mother might not have said. But perhaps Mrs. Severn would not have been so sure of the perfect judiciousness of her words had she seen how Laurie lighted up under them, and expanded into content. It was eleven then, and his invitation was for two; but yet he decided it was best to send a note in return. It is a species of communication which is very attractive sometimes. Laurie jumped at it with an exhilaration for which he did attempt to account. It was a different thing altogether from those other little notes conveying mamma's messages, which he still preserved somewhere; but not, it must be confessed, with such a lively feeling as he once did. Quite a different matter! It was his friend who had written to him now—only a dozen words, and yet herself was in them—herself, always full of kind thought, of that gracious interest in him, wanting to help him on, though he was so unsatisfactory, finding fault with him in that soft, caressing way, which was sweeter than praise. Laurie—foolish fellow—put away his work, and spent half an hour of the short time that was to elapse before he should see her in writing the following note. It could have been written in five minutes; but there was, it cannot be denied, a certain pleasure in lingering over it, and a certain skill was required to put a great deal of meaning into few words. He did not think he had succeeded, after all, when it was written. But here it is:

"I will never be cross any more, padrona mia. I have been thinking you meant to cast me off. But you don't? I will go and meet the Riches or the Poors, or anybody else you like, and thank

them for the chance. You I never could thank—not half or quarter enough. So silence shall speak for me.

"Yr—"

"L. R."

It is not to be supposed that Laurie wrote "your" in plain letters. He made a hieroglyphic of it. It might have been only "etc.;" in short, it was as like that as any thing else. He was beguiled into the use of the pronoun, he did not quite know how, as he hung over it with his pen in his hand like a pencil, anxious to add just a touch somewhere, as might have been done in the line of the lip or the droop of an eyelid, to express what he was feeling. It was of purpose and intention that he made it undecipherable. Perhaps she would find it out; and if not, still at least he had expressed himself, which was always something. He was not thinking of any result, or any thing that might come of it, as Miss Hadley did. At the present stage such an idea would have been simple profanity. He did not think of it at all. He was her disciple, her servant, her subject. That she should reverse the position and be his, and subject to him, was an idea which had never entered Laurie's mind. It would indeed, as we have said, have appeared sheer profanity to him. Such delicacies of feeling do not come within the range of the Miss Hadleys of life. And so Laurie made his hieroglyphic, expressive of the deepest devotion, and felt his heart and his face expand with a delicious softness, and put on his hat, and himself gave the note to the maid-servant in the Square. It was but a few steps round the corner; and when he was out, he went a few steps farther and got himself a lily of the valley to put in his coat. It was still early, and the flower cost him as much as a meal; but when a young man's heart gives a sudden jump in his bosom, reasonably or unreasonably, it would be hard if he could not give utterance to his satisfaction with himself and the universe in general by so simple an expedient as a flower in his coat. And at the same time he ordered some pots of the same lilies to be sent to the Square, not for that day, but for to-morrow, on which Mrs. Severn was to exhibit her pictures to her friends before sending them to the Academy. This little matter occupied the morning until it was time to present himself at the Square. A very fine carriage stood before No. 375 when he reached the door, with a gorgeous coat-of-arms on the panel, and liveries and hammer-cloth, which looked like a duke's at least. The big footman stared suspiciously at Laurie as he went up the steps. He was but "a poor harts" it was evident to that splendid apparition. The patron had arrived with all the pomp which ought to attend such a celestial visitor, and naturally the house from top to bottom bore evidence of a certain excitement. Forrester, in his best coat, opened the door to Laurie, his face beaming with cordiality and smiles. "I can't say as he knows much, Mr. Renton," said Forrester, "but he's a stunning one to buy; and I wouldn't take no notice, sir, if I was you, of his little ways—nor the lady's neither, sir," said the old man. Laurie laughed and nodded in answer to this advice, without any distinct idea what Mr. Rich's little ways might be; and so walked into the great drawing-room, which it was strange to see by daylight, full of the gray spring atmosphere, out of which an east wind had taken all the color. The white curtains hung over the long windows; the fire burned with a little cheerful noise; and the padrona, in her black dress, sat on a sofa beside a rich, rustling, luxurious woman, fifteen or twenty years older than himself. Mrs. Severn's figure had filled out into the gracious fullness of matronhood. She was not a sylph, like her child; but she looked something like a sylph beside the vast form on the sofa. And in front of her stood a little man, very plump and rosy, with a double eye-glass in his hand. The padrona looked a little flushed and excited. Perhaps it is not in human nature to receive unmoved a visit from a patron.

"This is Mr. Renton," she said, as Laurie came in. "Mr. Lawrence Renton, Mrs. Rich;" and, to Laurie's great surprise, the large lady got up from the sofa to shake hands with him, which was a great deal more than the padrona did. Mrs. Rich was very large and very wealthy, and looked as if she might be rather oppressive; but, nevertheless, she had been smiling very benignly on the padrona, and Laurie consequently saw some good in her face.

"Mr. Renton, I ought to know you, for we are almost neighbors in the country," said Mrs. Rich. "Don't you know Richmond? Ah, I dare say you have been a great deal from home, like so many young men.—Mr. Rich, Mr. Renton has not seen Richmond. It is only six months since we took possession. Mr. Rich bought it for the situation, and gave, I am ashamed to say how much money for it; and then

the house wanted every thing done to it—new rooms built, and I can't tell you all what. I believe your mamma does not visit anywhere, Mr. Renton. She is a great invalid, I hear; and of course, unless she was so kind as to signify a wish, I could not call first. But I am sure if you are at Renton when we are there, it will give us the greatest pleasure to see you at Richmond."

"Thanks," said Laurie, feeling rather aghast. He did not know what more to say till a half-comic appealing glance reached him from the padrona's eyes. Then he bestirred himself. "I have been a long time from home," he said, "and at present my mother goes nowhere; but I don't know—pardon me—where Richmond is. I am so stupid about localities—I never know any thing that is not close to my eye."

"It was called Beecham once," said the rich woman; "but we are not the old family—we are the new family, Mr. Renton; and Mr. Rich thinks it only right, when he has bought it, to give it his own name. We are not ashamed of being new people. I have just been talking to our friend here about painting one of the rooms for us—in panels, you know. She is so clever. I never knew a woman so clever; but that is between you and me," said the patroness, patting the painter patronizingly on the arm. "She does not hear a word we are saying. I never would tell her she was any thing out of the ordinary to her face." Such were the astounding manners and customs of the new species of humanity to which Laurie had been unexpectedly presented. It took him half an hour at least to realize the unfamiliar being. No doubt there are patrons in England of the type known in old days, when one monarch leaned on his painter's shoulder, and another picked up his painting-brush. But these are chiefly patrons of the old masters, not of the new; and Mr. Rich and his wife were the specimens best known in Fitzroy Square. When they went in to luncheon the padrona looked more and more flushed, though Forrester was present to wait, looking as solemn as any family butler, and listening with a sore heart—but no outward token—to Mr. Rich's views about art. He had his views, too, as well as his wife, though he was not so immediately audible. It was when he had swallowed some wine that he found his tongue, and then Mrs. Rich was silenced by the more influential stream.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Renton," he said. "We'd have been very glad if your mother had come to see us. It would have done her no harm, and it might have done Mrs. Rich a little good. We don't pretend to be above that sort of thing. But, of course, all this fuss about the will must have been hard upon you. I'm told you're one of the rising young men of the time. Stick to that. You may buy houses and lands, but you can't buy talent. I'll be very glad to go and see any thing you may have to show. If our friend Mrs. Severn is to be trusted—and I've always found her to be trusted, sir—her eye is so true—you've got something that will suit me very well; and I hope we shall know each other better before we part."

"I did not mean that Mr. Renton had any thing to show this year," said the padrona. Laurie had never seen her so embarrassed. Was it that the people were overpowering?—or was it—? But there was no time to cogitate possibilities in the midst of this stream of talk.

"Mr. Renton must come and see us at Richmond," said Mrs. Rich. "He must come with you, some day, Mrs. Severn. I have got some of her sweet pictures hung in my morning-room; and she has been so kind in her suggestions about the furniture. It is such a thing to have an artist's eye, and such pretty eyes, too," added the stout lady, in an audible aside to Laurie, who was seated next to her. "Don't you think so? To me she is prettier than ever she was. She is like Alice's sister. She looks young—and she is young—and to think of all she has done!"

Laurie sat by her, and never said a word. He could not pay compliments to the padrona as a mere indifferent spectator might have done, entering into the fun of the situation. And Mrs. Severn sat at the head of the table, with a flush of embarrassment on her cheek. But perhaps even she was not so sensitive as Laurie; and they were patrons, and brought her commissions—and they were bread! These are mean recommendations, no doubt, but they have a wonderful effect.

"What I like is a picture I can understand," said Mr. Rich. "What I say to a painter is: 'Tell your story. Choose what subject you like, old, or new, or middle-aged; but, whatever your incident is, stick to it, and tell it, without need of any description in a book.

That's my principle, sir. And I like a good, warm, wholesome color; none of your cadaverous-looking things. There are plenty of sad things and nasty things in life without putting them in pictures. Like as I prefer a good ending in a story. I have some pretty pictures to show you, sir, when you come to see me. Crowquill painted that last series out of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' for me. I could have got twice the price I gave for them from a gentleman I know in Manchester; but nothing but necessity would make me part with these pictures. When a thing's painted for you, it has a value it would not have had otherwise. And I have as fine a little Millais as you ever saw. I hope to have a picture from you in my collection before all is done."

"You have not a Welby, I think," said the padrona, who worked rather hard at her part of the conversation. "You should make haste to secure that; for he paints very little now."

"I don't care very much for Welby," said Mr. Rich, indifferent to the awful countenance of Forrester behind his chair. "He's a deal too classical for me. I had not a classical education myself; and I am not ashamed to say I don't appreciate that sort of thing. Nature is what I like. I don't pretend to go in for the old masters. They're very fine, I dare say; but give me a nice modern picture, with colors, sir, like what you see in life. I hope you are of the real school, Mr. Renton—not to carry it to excess, you know. The thing for modern collections—and I know a great many collectors of my way of thinking—is modern life; the sort of thing one understands. How am I to know about your Greeks and your Romans? I like pretty English girls, and nice young fellows making love to them. Why shouldn't they make love to 'em, Mrs. Severn? I did it in my day. And as for your pictures, could any thing be sweeter? It's the next step in life. We've all gone through that phase," said Mr. Rich, waving his hands; "and that's the sort of thing we want in our collections. I say this to you, Mr. Renton, as a young man beginning life."

"Mr. Renton will prefer the pretty girls, of course," said the patron's wife, with a good-humored laugh. And Laurie sat by, not knowing what reply to make, while the padrona, with that flush on her face, sat at the head of the table, and let them talk. What was the use of arguing the question? The finest reasoning in the world does not convince people whose minds are incapable of receiving it. And they bought the kind of pictures they commended, which is what better critics seldom do.

"There must be a variety of tastes," Mrs. Severn said, with a meekness that was not natural to her. "I am not so pleased with my tame little groups that you are so good-natured about! There are many things I would rather do if I could."

Then Mr. Rich laughed, and told the story of Liston, whose dream it was that tragedy was his forte—not a novel story certainly, but not inappropriate at the moment. "I should like to see Welby's pictures all the same," he said, cheerfully. "We could not come to-morrow, so I should like to make a round to-day. I'm going to Crowquill, and Baxter, and some more—as long as the light holds out; and if you can tell me of any others—"

"There is Suffolk," said Laurie, looking at the head of the table; and then he paused, surprised. The padrona was but human. To let her own live patron go out of her hands to the studios of celebrated painters whom everybody knew was a thing inevitable, against which she could never dream of struggling; but to send him, in cold blood—her own precious property—to Suffolk—a new name, a rising painter—one of the men whom it would be a credit to patronize! Mrs. Severn had a struggle with herself. Generosity was easy where Laurie Renton was concerned; and she would have shared her purse with the Suffolks, with all the unthinking open-heartedness of her kind. But send him her patron! That was a trial. Laurie looked at her surprised. He knew her face so well that he saw the struggle in it, though without knowing what it meant; and he was startled by the pause she made before she answered him. A flood of thoughts rushed through the padrona's mind at that moment. She thought of herself and the children, and the need she had of patronage; and then, on the other hand, she thought of Suffolk's wife, with an unmanageable man, who would not paint popular subjects, and no power to help herself, and children, too—babies always coming—and all sort of troubles. It was not of the artist she thought, and his long-unrewarded labors. She was only a woman, after all; and it was the woman who came to her mind, anxious and powerless, and overwhelmed with anxiety. All at once, the face, obscured by some cloud, which Laurie could not

penetrate—to his supreme annoyance—cleared up with a sudden light, which he did not understand. "Yes," she said, "I should like Mr. Rich to see that picture. It is not quite the kind of subject he likes; but we all think it one of the finest things; Mr. Renton will tell you about it. It was spoken very highly of the other day in the *Sword*."

"Ah, then, it must be fine," said Mrs. Rich. "Perhaps Mr. Renton will take a seat in the carriage with us, and introduce us. I like to see every thing I can see; and we have not much time for the light. And you will not forget, dear, that you are engaged to us for Easter week. It will be so nice to have you; and you shall plan out your pictures for the east room. She is going to do the fairy-tales for us, Mr. Renton—it will be charming. If the carriage is up, Mr. Rich, I am afraid we ought to go."

The padrona called Laurie to her as she was about to follow them down-stairs. "They have given me a beautiful commission," she said, with a little excitement—"a year's work! And I was so mean that I hesitated to send them to Suffolk after that. Try and make them buy the picture, Laurie. They will if you are clever, and talk to them a little of Renton, and draw them on. I trust you to do it." It was only for a moment at the drawing-room door. Was it the year's work, and the contest with herself about Suffolk's picture, which gave her that look of agitation and excitement? Or was it the time of year, the eve of the Academy, and all the crowd that would come to-morrow? Laurie could not give himself any answer as he rushed down-stairs to guide the Riches on their beneficent course; but his eyes shone, too, and his heart beat loud. As if he could have had any thing to do with it—a mere boy!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RIGHT WORD AT THE RIGHT TIME.

"SHALL I not write a story containing a moral from which young, and, perhaps, older readers too can derive a valuable lesson?" I thought to myself. The resolve followed the thought, and the result of the resolve is the following narrative, which will prove, I trust, if it prove nothing else, that it is not a matter of indifference whom we invite to our evening parties, because, for example, in social games much more important pledges may be given than rings, keys, bracelets, and handkerchiefs.

I shall treat of severe losses—shall tell how one of the most interesting country towns of the Old Dominion was relieved of a family feud that had existed for generations: how two noble families lost their daughters and two charming young ladies their good names—for if Smith and Brown be not good names, I should like to know what by good names is usually understood—how two young gentlemen of rare accomplishments and the highest respectability lost their liberty, and, finally, how all four of the young people lost their hearts.

In order to begin at the beginning, I must observe that the incidents of my story—what little incident it has—occurred in the town of Feudville, in Eastern Virginia, at the advent of the year 1850. The location of Feudville in Eastern Virginia is, 'tis true, not designated so distinctly on the State maps as it would seem to me to deserve; indeed, my examinations lead me to suspect that, strange as it may seem, it is not on them at all. As, however, I am not responsible for the accuracy of the maps of Virginia, I can give no good reason for this notable omission. I can only say that, if any one suspects that Feudville is not in Eastern Virginia, he may also doubt that I am at this moment in Feudville, in which case I should esteem it a favor if the learned Geographical Society of New York or of Boston could inform me where I really am. In the mean time—that is, until I am enlightened on this point—I shall, if the reader please, assume, together with the fifteen hundred inhabitants of this little town, that I am in Feudville, and that Feudville is, as I have stated, in Eastern Virginia.

These fifteen hundred will, I am sure, separately and collectively agree that I am right in fixing the date of my story at a late period; for who nowadays would take any interest in the sympathies and antipathies of the Smiths and the Browns who lived half a century before my Smiths and Browns made their appearance in this vale of trials and tribulations? It was and is in Feudville—where everybody knows everybody's business, and takes a neighborly and Christian interest in it—the general opinion that the Smith and Brown families had been at enmity time out of mind; and so universally was the fact

known, that it was considered just as unnecessary to mention it as it is to state that the Montagues and Capulets were not on the most friendly terms, or that Generals Lee and Meade differed in opinion on certain State questions when they met on the historic field of Gettysburg.

True, the heads of the Smith and Brown families did not throw down the glove to each other in the public streets, and the younger members of the respective families did not tear one another to pieces when they met, like Kilkenny cats: in fact, I never heard that either family ever spoke unkindly of the other; and yet a Smith would have sooner died than call in the family physician of the Browns, and a Brown would have gone to church in her petticoat sooner than employ the mantuamaker of the Smiths.

It was said, on the authority of a legend that had come down from former generations, that boundary contentions, from which no one profited except the lawyers, had been the original cause of these differences; but such a long period of years had elapsed since then, that it is doubtful whether the persons most nearly interested knew any more about the matter than did their neighbors. If, however, the cause had been long forgotten, the effects were still only too apparent, and the old hereditary hatred might have been likened to Vesuvius, which sleeps for months, years, and, perhaps, centuries; but, sooner or later, is sure to burst forth anew.

Thus it had ever been, and thus, it was believed, it would ever be, so long as there existed on earth representatives of these particular families of Smiths and Browns. As now the report was confirmed that my uncle Doctor Albert Russell intended to take up his residence in Feudville, and would, in a very few days, move into town together with his family, which consisted, first, of my aunt, Mrs. Anna Russell; second, of my cousin, George Russell; third, of my uncle, and fourth of myself—I try to mention each one in his proper place—the question whether the Russells would range themselves under the banner of the Smiths or the Browns created no little sensation. And when it was known that we had secured seats for the annual amateur concert, and would then and there, for the first time, appear in public, the tickets were so eagerly sought after that there was no doubt the hall would be well filled.

The concert in question was gotten up under the auspices of the Excelsior Society. The talent was exclusively local, and the concert-hall was declared neutral ground. The two musical "stars" of the town were Miss Carrie Smith and Miss Katie Brown. They usually sang a duet together, then bowed to each other proudly, and studiously avoided any recognition for the ensuing twelvemonth. The evening's entertainment excited very little curiosity—especially as the programme offered no novelty—but when, on the day of the concert, a placard informed the public that Mr. George Russell had kindly consented to sing a duet in the first part with Miss Smith, and one in the second with Miss Brown, there was a final rush for tickets, and the officers of the Excelsior kindly obliged all applicants, regardless of the number of seats, or even of the standing-room the hall afforded.

The hall was, therefore, more than full, and the concert went off with unprecedented *éclat*. From the tuning of the instruments to the last note of the final chorus, the enthusiasm steadily increased. Yes, the audience even listened with devotional silence to the process of getting the instruments in order; and, if there were those who thought the process a part of the performance, they were excusable, for the musicians bum-bummed, tooted, and scraped on their violoncellos, violins, flutes, clarionets, and drums, as though it were their sacred duty to impress upon the public a just sense of the importance of the occasion, and the magnitude of their undertaking. When they finally ceased their din, in intimation of their being ready for the signal to begin, they were rewarded with a round of applause, which at least served to put hands and feet in order to do justice to future triumphs.

The only mistake in the entire entertainment was that the public cried *encore* too soon. After complimenting "Thou hast Diamonds and Pearls" with an *encore*, it would have been unkind not to have expressed their appreciation of "Robin Adair" in like manner; while the clerks of the corner groceries would not have been content if the flute solo of their colleague had not been received with equal demonstrations of delight. After having begun, we were compelled to *encore* every thing on the programme—yes, even Mr. Dick Benson's drum solo, which, to my mind, was carrying good-nature a little too far.

The honors of the evening were unquestionably due to the duets with my cousin George. I never heard him sing better—and he always

sang well—while the Misses Brown and Smith both acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of their respective cliques. The enthusiasm of the audience had risen to such a pitch, that all who could sing a note joined in the final chorus, "Hail Columbia," which was not finished till a few minutes before twelve o'clock. It was late, but no one had awaited the end impatiently. Indeed, after this unpretending performance, we separated with the wish that it had continued an hour longer. Everybody was pleased with everybody, and with every thing on the programme.

And now what gossiping and what leave-taking there was on that clear, cold winter night! Groups formed in the corridor, and in front of the hall, and we the new-comers chatted with the *élite* of the town as though we had been old acquaintances. "Where is my husband?" asked my aunt, suddenly, during a momentary pause. "Florence, dear, won't you look about for your uncle?" It was, however, unnecessary for me to go on a tour of discovery, for, at that moment, Uncle Albert and Cousin George made their way to us through the crowd. My aunt took the arm of her husband, and, for the twentieth time, said to Mrs. Smith: "Then, madam, we shall have the pleasure of seeing you and your family at our house on New-Year's evening?"—an invitation which my uncle cordially seconded, and was graciously accepted by Mrs. Smith. Our ears and the ears of the Smith family were not the only ones that heard this invitation, and its acceptance. "Ho, ho!" whispered more than one, nudging his neighbor, "do you hear that? The Russells are going to range themselves under the banner of the Smiths."

Mrs. Doctor Russell was a lady—be it known before we proceed further—who for years had indulged the idea that no sensible being—least of all, her husband—could entertain an opinion differing in any degree from her own. As a natural sequence, it was not necessary for her "dear doctor" to take the trouble to have any opinions; and, unfortunately, my uncle was usually only too well pleased to have some one do his thinking for him. As for Cousin George, he was never consulted; my good aunt held the governmental reins of our little domestic circle with a firm hand, and expected yielding obedience or gracious acquiescence from us all. We bowed, however, under no heavy yoke, for Aunt Anna was a cheerful, kind-hearted woman. Unfortunately, Uncle Albert would sometimes, without pausing to think, take it into his head to act upon his own responsibility.

When we moved to Feudville, my aunt determined to get through as easily and quickly as possible with the disagreeable ceremony of becoming acquainted, and to this end decided to invite all those families, with whom she wished to be on social terms, to our house on New-Year's evening. It was a hazardous move, for many families in Old Virginia prefer spending that evening at their own firesides; but Aunt Anna extended her invitations so gracefully, that her hospitality was almost universally accepted.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that Mrs. Doctor Russell had been but a short time in the town before she knew all there was to know about the Smith-Brown feud. She had been introduced to both families, and had invited the partisans of each at the same time. The Smith-Brown enmity had, I should observe, never prevented the respective friends of each family from meeting occasionally at social gatherings. The concert was to decide which of the antagonistic families themselves should be invited. Accident engaged us—that is, my aunt and myself—in conversation with the Smiths, and the consequence was that they were bidden.

My uncle was, very naturally, far less acquainted with the social relations of his new neighbors than my aunt. If he had chanced to hear—which is doubtful—of any differences existing between his neighbors, he had certainly not given the matter a second thought. His generous heart could not have understood how people, for any but the very best of reasons, could entertain unkind feelings toward one another for any length of time, much less could he have comprehended such a thing as an hereditary antagonism.

When my cousin George escorted Miss Katie Brown out of the concert-hall, Dr. Russell and her father fell into conversation, and so pleased was my uncle with his new acquaintance that he invited him to honor us with his presence on New-Year's evening. So, while Mrs. Smith kindly accepted the invitation of my aunt, Mr. Brown rejoiced my hospitable uncle with the promise that he would be punctual with his entire family.

Nothing was talked of the next morning at the breakfast-table but our little prospective social gathering. "Florence, dear," said my

aunt to me, "you will not forget to send Mrs. Smith, to-day, a written invitation."

"If that ceremony be necessary," said my uncle, quietly, "you will, also, send one to Mrs. Brown."

"Impossible!" cried my aunt; "the Smiths were never in their lives under the same roof with the Browns."

"Then it is high time they were," replied my uncle. "Mr. Brown kindly accepted my invitation, last evening, for himself and family."

My aunt seemed terror-stricken. "But you certainly told him, my dear, that the Smiths would be here?"

"How could I? In the first place, I didn't know you had invited them, and, in the second place, I thought—"

"Thought!" cried my aunt—"you thought, and a nice dilemma you have gotten us into with your thinking! There will be a scene, and we shall all be put in the weekly paper."

My uncle began, as usual, when the domestic barometer indicated a storm, to whistle "The Last Rose of Summer," and had begun the air at least half a dozen times before my aunt calmed down so far as to decide that there was no other way than to send the invitations and abide the consequences. We hoped the one or the other of the belligerent families would hear that they were both invited and send a "regret."

But the day came, and found the horns of our dilemma as big as ever. Everybody knew the Smiths were coming, but no one told the Browns, and the Browns seemed to have said nothing about their intention to spend New-Year's evening with us to any one. Cousin George was the only one who was pleased with the prospect. He wanted to sing his duets with the two young ladies, and earnestly hoped there would be no premature *dénouement*.

As the eventful evening approached, the nervousness and anxiety of my poor aunt visibly increased. I verily believe she would have resorted to any expedient likely to prevent the prospective collision between the Smith-Brown belligerents under her roof, except burning the house down. In vain did she cudgel her brain—no feasible plan could she hit upon. In the mean time, the preparations for the evening progressed without a single ominous mishap; the various dishes for the supper were a series of successes, for old Aunt Cleopatra, the cook, fairly surpassed herself. Yes, even the ice-cream had never been so smooth, so delicately flavored, and so admirably frozen.

Finally, the guests began to arrive, and first of all came the Smiths! Their manner was so amiable, so unconstrained, and cheerful, that my aunt whispered to me: "What a pity they are not a little cold and stiff! then we should feel the difference between now and later less sensibly." They, however, looked and acted as though nothing in the world could cloud their good-humor.

Now came the Reeds, the Hudsons, and the De Launcys, who were soon followed by the Fishers, the Masons, and the Huntingtons. All were so charmingly pleasant and agreeable, that they seemed to vie with one another to see who could be most entertaining. The conversation had become general, when the door opened, and my uncle appeared, with the four Browns. He presented them to the company generally, and immediately offered his arm to Mrs. Brown to lead her to the dining-room, a servant having entered almost at that moment at another door with the announcement, "Supper is served, ma'am."

Before the antagonists, in their surprise, could fully grasp the situation, they saw themselves seated opposite one another at the right and left of their host. A deep red suffused the cheeks and temples of the two men, who, as long as they could think, had regarded each other with hostile glances, and, almost instinctively, they rose from their chairs. Their families followed their example. But, before a word was spoken, my uncle and my aunt also arose, and all the rest at the table with them. Of course, everybody expected a terrible scene, but everybody was destined to be disappointed. My uncle, with a presence of mind that was beyond praise, raised his hands, and, in a solemn tone, prayed: "O Lord, Thou from whom we receive every good gift, each in its time and season, bless us, that we may enjoy Thy bounties in thankfulness and in love to Thee and to our neighbors. Amen." And all sat down again as though they had risen only for the "blessing" to be asked.

The whole company breathed more freely as my uncle asked, in an unconstrained tone, "What can I help you to, Mrs. Smith?" Mrs. Smith chose the wing of a chicken, Mrs. Brown a second joint. Everybody was helped, and everybody fell to and did ample justice to Aunt Anna's "good things," which in a measure compensated her for

the agony of mind she had endured for the last few days. Soon my uncle clinked glasses right and left, and then with everybody within his reach. His example was contagious; everybody drank everybody's health; the glasses clinked right merrily, and laughing and joking seemed to be the order of the day, or rather of the evening.

It was not long before Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown clinked glasses, and drank each other's health; then Robert Brown and Arthur Smith—a young gentleman I have not introduced before, because he is not very important—followed the example of their sires; while Misses Carrie and Katie, having no especial reasons for "paddling against the current," nodded and smiled to each other, and sipped thereby a thimbleful of claret.

The miracle was accomplished; before we left the table, the old feud, which had existed for generations, without being even indirectly adverted to, was forever buried in oblivion, and the Smiths and the Browns were destined for all time to come to stand in a very different relation to one another.

If Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented sleep, how much more should we bless him to whom we owe the social board! At our repasts, what a multitude of sins, and how many previously unrecognized virtues are brought to light!

After we returned to the parlor, George teased me most unparadoxically. He had determined on nothing less than crowding the venerable papas and mammas into the corners and the card-room, to make a clear field for the young people, and insisted that I should ostensibly head the conspiracy.

The proposition to begin the evening with social games and to end it with an improvised dance met with universal approval. The ladies suggested several games; but none of them seemed to be to the taste of the gentlemen, who, in fact, broke out into open rebellion, declaring that they were no longer schoolboys, and that we had better begin dancing immediately, unless we could play forfeits. I blush to confess that the ladies did not seriously oppose this bold proposition, and so we began "whirling the platter."

Carrie Smith clung to her dignity longest; but how is it possible for a young lady to remain serious and dignified when she is every minute in danger of being compelled to spring toward a whirling plate?—and so, finally, Miss Carrie gave up in despair, and became a merry, laughing child with the rest of us.

I should observe that the manner in which Cousin George treated Miss Katie Brown was really shameful. As often as he called her number—and that was as often as it came his turn—he would not set the plate whirling fairly, but would only give it a little turn, so that it was impossible for Katie to catch it before it fell. The consequence was that the poor girl soon saw herself robbed of rings, bracelets, gloves, keys, etc., and she was compelled to declare herself bankrupt. After having thus far accomplished his purpose, it was astonishing how frequently the rascal was himself compelled to pay a forfeit, until he shared the fate of Miss Brown, and withdrew to her corner to await the time for redeeming the lost trinkets. I doubt not, Katie availed herself of the opportunity to give him a "piece of her mind" very frankly.

It was not long before Aunt Anna declared her work-basket full, and that it was time to redeem the pledges. The collection was now given to Miss Carrie Smith, and Robert Brown was selected to determine, with eyes blindfolded, what the owner of this or that pledge should do to redeem it. Now it was that the fun began in earnest. There seemed to be no end to Robert's original and absurd conceits, and it was perfectly amazing how many cherries he had to pick when he had to pick them with Miss Carrie, while poor Katie Brown's sentences were absolutely appalling when my villainous cousin George had it in his power to increase their severity. In fact, a glance at the scene would have been sufficient to deter fastidious parents from ever allowing their children to engage in whirling the platter.

The last pledge was finally redeemed; then the chairs and tables were cleared away, and Pompey, the coachman, with his fiddle, was installed in one corner to do the orchestra for us. Waltzes, polkas, galops, and quadrilles, followed one another in quick succession, until Uncle Albert announced that the ball would end with a Virginia reel. Uncle and Mrs. Smith led off; then came Mr. Smith and Mrs. Brown, Mr. Brown and Aunt Anna, and so on, until there were at least twenty couples on the floor. Pompey did his extra best, and so did everybody else. All seemed determined to do full justice to the favorite dance of the "good old days," and the oldest appeared to enjoy it as

much as the youngest. When the reel was finished, there was a general getting-ready to go home. With hearty hand-shakings and merry peals of laughter, our guests, one after the other, bade us good-night—or rather good-morning—leaving us the agreeable recollection of a pleasant evening.

Why should I continue my narrative? Everybody knows what will follow, and could write: "And they lived happily for many long years, and died, surrounded," etc., just as well as I can. No novelist has ever yet succeeded in successfully directing the fortunes of two pairs of lovers; either the one or the other is sure to be neglected, and, if he tries to be impartial, and divide the interest equally between them, he is certain to become tedious. Why should I attempt the impossible?

I believe that the good people of Feudville were generally pleased with the chief incident of our New-Year's evening; there may have been a hypochondriac, here and there, who was of opinion that this sudden healing of old wounds would not be lasting; but such prophets found few followers. Within a week, the Smith and Brown families exchanged visits, and before the first April shower it was whispered about that Miss Carrie Smith recognized an accepted lover in the person of Mr. Robert Brown. Four or five weeks later, it was generally known that there was a double-wedding in contemplation, the second couple being Miss Katie Brown and Mr. George Russell. Carrie declared that she had no alternative, that she was compelled to accept Robert—he had so compromised her during our game of forfeits. Be that as it may, the double-wedding took place before Feudville saw another New-Year's Day, and it was already currently reported that there was a third wedding in contemplation, in which Miss Florence Russell and Mr. Arthur Smith—the unimportant young gentleman—were to be the contracting parties. And a few months added another to the many proofs of the old adage that "What everybody says must be true."

Since then, of joy and grief we have all had our share; but, from 1850 to 1861—the beginning of the late war—nearly the whole company, together with some "little additions," assembled regularly on New-Year's evening at the house of my Aunt Anna. My Uncle Albert was often heard to say that he never in his life "asked the blessing" with more fervor than he did on New-Year's evening, 1850, and that no other prayer ever brought so much happiness to him and his.

What a world of good often comes of speaking the right word at the right time! May we all find a friend, in the moment of temptation, who will speak it, and may it always find a response in our hearts!

THAT BABY OVER THE WAY.

AS I've sat at my chamber window,
I've noticed, again and again,
The sweetest of baby figures,
At the opposite window-pane;
Rosy cheeks daintily dimpled,
Curls that, without any check,
Tumble and twist in confusion,
With the corals about its neck.

Eyes—but to mention the color,
I must wait for a nearer view,
Though I think I may state, at a venture,
They'll match with the ribbons of blue.
Feet with their tiny bronzed slippers,
And the dearest of wee chubby fists,
And arms, in whose foldings of fatness
You must search for the little one's wrists.

Sometimes I throw kisses to baby,
And back come the kisses to me;
And the intricate game of "bo-peep"
Is a source of infinite glee,
That lights up the smiles and the dimples;
So, I think, I may truthfully say,
That I have an established flirtation
With the baby over the way.

But how has that little one stolen
A march on my foolish old heart?
And why, as I watch those bright eyes,
Will the quick tear instinctively start?
Ah! because in the long ago years,
Ere time mingled my tresses with gray,
I, too, had a baby as lovely
As the little one over the way.

From the white robe and clustering curls,
From that vision of infantine joy,
Oh sadly, so sadly I turn
To all I have left of my boy:
To the baby-clothes, yellow with age,
To the curl that once lay on his brow,
To the old-fashioned cradle—the nest
So dearly tenanted now.

The first grief comes back to me then,
The longing that cannot be told,
For the sight of the dear little face,
For my own darling baby to hold;
And my arms ache with emptiness so
That I feel I am hardly content
To wait for the summons to go
The way that my little one went.

And so, for the sake of the joy
That long ago gladdened my heart,
For the light that once shone on my way,
So quickly, alas! to depart;
For the love that I bore my one darling,
All babies are dearer to-day;
And I think I must call on the mother
Of that baby over the way.

PRETENDERS.

THE world is full of pretenders. We are all pretenders more or less. But it is not of such pretenders as these that I write—nor of real pretenders to thrones, which they or their ancestors have rightfully or wrongfully forfeited; but of the sham pretenders to great historical names, that in all ages, and in all countries, start up, whenever a great heritage is mysteriously vacant, or an ancient family has no accredited representative. Do these pretenders in any case believe in their own claims? Or are they all swindlers and adventurers? For instance, did all or any of the half-dozen people, French, German, American, and English, who within the last sixty or seventy years have pretended to be Louis XVII., the poor child who perished in prison under the brutal treatment of the cobbler who had charge of him, really believe himself to be what he asserted? Were they all impostors—Augustus Meves in England, the Reverend Eleazar Williams in America, and all the rest of them—impostors knowing themselves to be such? Or did one or more act upon the honest conviction that he really was the person he represented himself to be? Did all the handsome young fellows in Highland garb, assuming to be lineal and legitimate descendants of King James the Second of England and Seventh of Scotland, believe in their royal pedigree; or did they play the part to get money out of it and gain consideration by it; or out of the love of hoaxing; or because in life they really knew no other part they could play so well? Without venturing to assert that not one of the many claimants to be the real Louis XVII., or the legitimate representative of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, may have been a true man, it may without want of kindly charity be admitted, that those among them who were not rogues must have been more or less fools: in other words crazy. Perhaps this is the simple explanation of the fact that so many of such characters have appeared. Madness often takes this form.

It happened that five or six years ago, I made the acquaintance of a remarkable old gentleman, or rather the remarkable old gentleman made my acquaintance, and confided to me the secret of his birth, parentage, education, and very modest pretensions. He was a very high personage, according to his story; but did not aim at high fortune, or at any thing, in fact, except to be let alone. I was at the

time temporarily resident in a great and populous city of the New World, which its inhabitants call Gotham, and which I shall call Gotham here. What took me to Gotham I need not tell. Suffice it to say that I was very well known in the city, and had the annoyance, perhaps if all the truth were known, it was the honor, of being often and very unjustly attacked in the columns of more than one of the Gothamite journals. In short, I was for the time being the best-abused Englishman in Gotham; and my name and business were familiar to thousands of people of whom I knew nothing, nor cared to know any thing. It was a hot, a very hot day in July, when there walked into my office, entirely unannounced, a venerable gentleman with long white hair, and a countenance so full of dignity and nobility of expression, that it would have excited attention any where. He was very careful to shut the door behind him, and, seeing a young man in the room with me, he asked (looking very suspiciously around him) whether he could speak to me in private? It was a time when men's political passions were valiantly excited, and it especially behooved me to be on my guard, lest the Gothamite journals, in their attacks on me with pen and ink, should inspire some lunatic, or some ruffian, with the happy idea of attacking me with a revolver. But this man was so old and so pleasant-looking, that I had no other fear of him than that he had come to wheedle some dollars from my pocket. So I led him into my inner sanctum, and asked him to sit down, and tell me his name and business. He sat down, but not before making sure that the door was closed. I could not help gazing at him rather more earnestly than was quite consistent with good manners, by reason of his striking resemblance to the statue of Charles II. in Edinburgh, which had long been familiar to my memory, and of the very picturesque character of his noble head and forehead. He was clad in a suit of homespun blue; wore very thick-soled shoes, that did not appear to have been blackened for many a day; and had economically turned up the ends of his trousers, to prevent their contact with the mud. He carried a serviceable blackthorn stick in his hard right hand: a hand that bore the undoubted marks of manual drudgery; he had a gold chain of antique fashion, hanging from the antique fob, now so seldom seen: and had altogether the air of a well-to-do farmer in a rough country, where people are accustomed to hard work, and are not particularly nice either in dress or manners.

"My name," he said, "is of no consequence. My real name I do not care to call myself by—there's danger in it; but I am known to my neighbors as Mr. —" (let us say Blank).

"Well, Mr. Blank, is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Much," he replied; "but I must warn you, that to do me a service is to incur danger, very great danger; and you shall not incur it, until you know who I am. Shall I tell you? Or are you afraid?"

"You may tell me; and I am not afraid," I replied, beginning to feel additional interest in my mysterious visitor.

"I will go right into the matter at once," he said. "Look at me. I am the son of Charles Edward Stuart, who was lawful King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and was commonly and unjustly called the Pretender: a man who never pretended to be what he was not, or to the possession of any thing but his own."

I certainly did start when Mr. Blank uttered these words; even if I did not rub my eyes to be quite certain that I was not asleep and dreaming. Being quite certain that I was awake, I looked incredulous, and replied:

"Surely, Mr. Blank, you cannot be the son of a man who died nearly eighty years ago?"

"Why not?" he inquired. "Besides, it is not nearly so long ago that my father died!"

"He died," I rejoined, "somewhere about the year 1788, being then, if my memory does not deceive me, about sixty-eight years of age. He was born, I think, in 1720?"

"He was," replied Mr. Blank; "you are quite right as to his birth: quite wrong as to his death. The truth is, he was the object of such persistent and cold-blooded persecution on the part of the British Government, that a false story of his death was circulated in 1788; and he emigrated to the New World, in order to pass in peace the remainder (Mr. Blank, being an American, said, 'the balance') of such days as it might please Heaven to allot to him. He settled in the rude and thinly-peopled region of Western New York, on the slope of the Adirondack Mountains, and purchased a farm which I now occupy. Shall I go on with my story?"

"By all means!"

"He was a hale and hearty man at that time, and remained hale and hearty for many years afterward—so hale and hearty, that, in the year 1798, being then turned seventy-eight, and having lived in America ten years, he married a young woman of Scottish extraction—not very young (she was two-and-thirty at the time)—and very beautiful. That marriage was a happy one. Three children, of whom I am the sole survivor, were born to my father before he died. He kept his secret. Even his wife did not know who he was, except that his real name was Stuart."

"And how did you come to know it, Mr. Stuart"—correcting myself, I said, "Mr. Blank?"

"By my father's will, bequeathing to me certain documents, in which I found all the proofs of the story I have told you."

"A very extraordinary story," said I.

"But not so extraordinary as true," added he, very sharply and peremptorily.

"Do the documents exist?"

"They do."

"Will you show them to me?"

"Upon conditions," said he, very slowly—"if your courage does not fail you when you know what the conditions are."

"Before we go further," said I, "will you tell me for what reason you have chosen me to be your confidant?"

"Because I am persecuted by the British Government, as my father was before me. Because I have no joy in my life. Because I am beset by spies. Because I go in danger of poison, or a shot from a revolver. Because I think that you have the means of causing all this persecution to cease."

"I? Really, Mr. Stuart, you overrate my importance. Supposing this persecution to be real, and not imaginary, I have no more power to help you than the man in the moon has. You say you have documents to prove your case. If so, I can only express my firm belief that, if your documents be genuine, you have only to bring them under the notice of the British Government, and that Government, if persuaded that you are what you represent yourself to be, and as your documents, you say, will prove, will not only cease to persecute you—if ever they did persecute you—but, in consideration of your being the heir and representative of Charles Edward Stuart, will settle on you a very handsome pension."

The old gentleman shook his head. "I don't want a pension; I have a farm of my own, and am quite independent of any man's favor, or the favor of any government. I want nothing but to be let alone. Let me drink and eat without fear of poison. Let me turn a corner without risk of a pistol or a bludgeon. Let me sink down into the common herd of common men, and be at peace. That is all I ask. I want no pension, no money, no recognition, no any thing from anybody. Peace, and peace alone. That is all. And to you, sir," he added, suddenly, "I owe an apology for having intruded upon you. It will be known in a week to the court and government of Queen Victoria that you have received and spoken to me. You will be a marked man, sir, depend upon it, unless you go forthwith and denounce me. You may denounce me, if you like. I give you full and free permission."

"That would be gross treachery, Mr. Stuart," replied I, "and I shall not denounce you. But, if you have in your possession the documents you speak of, I should be glad to see them."

"You shall see them this day week," he said, "and without fail. Mind, I want nothing but to prove to you that I am what I say I am; and that, when convinced of the fact, you will exercise your influence with the British Government to have me left in peace. You are about to say that you have no influence? I have my own opinions on that subject. You can say for me what I cannot say for myself—that I am no traitor, no intriguer, nothing but a poor, forlorn, last remnant of a once royal and powerful race, who asks nothing but a grave, and a quiet journey toward it."

Mr. Blank, true to his appointment, brought me the documents on the day he had fixed. The principal one was a certificate of marriage—it appeared to me duly signed, and in all respects authentic—between Mr. Charles Edward Stuart, of the State of New York, and a certain lady of the same State, dated in October, 1798. Next to this was the certificate of baptism of Charles Edward Stuart, dated November, 1799. A third document purported to be a license from the State of New York to Mr. Stuart, granting him, on payment of cer-

tain fees, the permission to be thenceforward known as Mr. Blank. There was nothing further of any consequence.

I suppose I looked dissatisfied. At all events, I said to Mr. Stuart that I had no doubt his father was married at the time specified, and that his name was Charles Edward Stuart.

"Well?" he inquired, somewhat triumphantly.

"Well," I replied, not at all triumphantly, "but what of that? I myself have known two people named Charles Edward Stuart, and neither of them claimed descent from the royal family on that account."

"Of course not," said Mr. Blank; "they would have been impostors if they had, because they would have usurped a position that belongs to me only. There may be a thousand Charles Edward Stuarts in the world, for that matter; but there is only one of them the descendant of kings, and that is the man who stands before you."

"But, Mr. Stuart, or Mr. Blank," I replied, "there is one link wanting in your golden chain, and that is a very important one—the link which proves your father to be the son of James III., so called, the man who fought and lost the battle of Culloden."

"Incredulous as St. Thomas!" he exclaimed; and then, folding up his papers suddenly, and putting them carefully into an old and well-worn pocket-book, he added, "I have lost my time, and you have lost yours. I beg pardon for having intruded myself upon you. You are well quit of me. Had you believed my claim, and had you taken any steps in my behalf with the usurping government of the descendants of the 'wee, wee German lairdie' that came from Hanover to sit in the seat of better men than himself, you might have been a ruined, and you certainly would have been a marked, man. You have had a narrow escape. Good-morning!"

He was gone before I could say a word to detain him. When I went to the door to make an effort to bring him back and put him in a better humor, I heard his heavy step on the stairs, and the clump of his thick cudgel as he descended. I never saw or heard of him more.

I have often wondered what put the notion into this old gentleman's head: whether he were crazed on that score, and on no other, and whether his undoubted resemblance to the published portraits of Charles II., and the remarkable profile on the crown-pieces of that reign, added to the strange coincidence afforded by his name, first gave him the idea, which was to color the whole course of his life, and infuse the little drop of poisonous gall into a cup of experience that might otherwise have been sweet. I think he believed his own story. And it is just possible that as much may be said for a great many other pretenders of past and present times, who have gone through life burdened with a heavy delusion, and meaning no harm.

ARE WE CELTS OR TEUTONS?

V.

THE POSITIVE TESTIMONY OF LANGUAGE.

I SHALL begin this section by quoting from Mr. Pike a passage which Mr. Pike has quoted from the illustrious physiologist, W. F. Edwards: "If there is one characteristic which distinguishes English from the other modern languages of Europe, it is the extreme irregularity of its pronunciation. In other languages, when one can pronounce the fundamental sounds, one may succeed, by the aid of some rules, in pronouncing any word pretty correctly, even without understanding it. In English one cannot pronounce until one knows the language.

"Mezzofante, in speaking to me of the Welsh language, traced to it the origin of this peculiar characteristic of the English language. I had no need to ask him *par quelle filière*. I knew, as well as himself, that the English could not have borrowed it from the Welsh, and that the Britons spoke the same language before the invasion of the Saxons. And so he gave me, of his own accord, a new proof unsought by me, and quite independent of those arguments which had already convinced me that the Britons had not ceased to exist in England, in spite of the invasion of the Saxons.

"It was supposed that the Britons had been extinct for ages, but Mezzofante, so to speak, recognized their descendants by the sound of the voice. I have recognized them by their features: what then is wanting to prove their identity?"

What Mezzofante meant was that, although the English speak a Teutonic language, they speak it with a Cymric pronunciation and accent. The sound *sh*, for example, is rarely heard in Welsh; and it is uniformly mispronounced among certain classes of uneducated Eng-

lishmen who, instead of *shrub*, *shrimp*, etc., say *arub*, *arimp*. But the Teutonic tendency is to pronounce *s* like *sh*. The German usually says incorrectly *schtein* instead of *stein*. It is, therefore, highly significant that throughout whole classes of words we have softened the Teutonic *sch* into a simple *s*. We say *swine* instead of *schwein*, *sister* instead of *schwester*, *sleep* instead of *schlaf*, *slime*, *slack*, and *slaughter*, instead of *schlamm*, *schlack*, and *schlacht*. If we are not Cymry, why have we given a Cymric sound to these Teutonic words? Why do we speak Teutonic, not like natives, but like foreigners?

A second peculiarity of English pronunciation, upon which Mr. Pike lays great stress, is one which, if I were to discuss it thoroughly, would open a very wide field of inquiry. English has a couple of sounds which, with one exception, not only do not belong to Teutonic speech, but which the Teutonic mouth finds it exceedingly difficult to manage. These are the two sounds of *th* in *thin* and *this*. It is very seldom that a German can be taught to pronounce these words otherwise than as *tin* and *dis*. Now both these sounds are to be found in the Celtic languages of Britain, and this fact, in Mr. Pike's opinion, goes a very great way. For the sounds in question, familiar as they are to us, are, nevertheless, quite uncommon; and, that the Cymric and English should happen to agree in possessing them, goes far to show that English mouths have inherited the Celtic twist, needful for pronouncing them. Grammar and vocabulary may, under favorable conditions, be imposed by a conquering race, but articulation is not so easy to deal with.

Nevertheless, there is a different explanation possible for this phenomenon. Though the ancient Celtic speech of Gaul has notably influenced the pronunciation of many French words, the *th* sound does not appear in either of its forms in modern French; and the best Celtic scholars are of the opinion that even before the extinction of the old Gaulish tongue, these sounds had become evanescent. May we not suppose that they also existed in old Gothic, which, at least, had a distinct character for *th*, and that in the modern Teutonic tongues they have in like manner disappeared? This inevitably suggests the question whether the Sanskrit and Greek were, after all, as most philologists suppose, destitute of true spirants. The Brahmans pronounce a Sanskrit *th* like the *th* in *pothouse*; and the current theory is, that this aspirate was anciently so pronounced. Professor Curtius devotes ten pages of great learning to proving that the same holds true of the Greek *θ*, although by the modern Greeks that letter is sounded like the *th* in *thin*. The question is too tedious and not sufficiently entertaining to be argued at present; but, I confess that ever since I first began the study of Sanskrit I have been strongly inclined to reject a theory which throws into strange confusion the most symmetrical of Indo-European alphabets. Of one fact we are certain: that with the progress of language aspirates quite generally become resolved into their constituent elements, as was the case with the digamma, or disappear altogether, as in the English words *night* and *plough*. It is admissible to suppose that the modern Brahmans and Germans have lost the old aspiration of the *th*, as the Celtic French have lost it; and that the peculiarity of English lies in its retaining a sound which most of its congeners have got rid of.

It is none the less remarkable, however, that the two allied sounds of *th* are preserved just in those linguistic regions where a Celtic influence may on other grounds be suspected. Of the living Teutonic languages, Dutch, Frisian, Swedish, and German, possess neither of these sounds. But Mr. Pike is mistaken in extending the statement to Danish. Danish lacks the true *th*, but the final *d* is in this language sounded like the flat *th* in *this*. I have often heard it from Danish lips. Icelandic also possesses the sound; and, as we shall see in the next section, both Icelandic and Danish have demonstrably been under Cymric influence. Spanish has both sounds, though it does not write them. It liaps the *s* and the soft *c*, and aspirates the *d* final. The Spaniards are half Celts. Neither sound occurs in Portuguese or Italian.

Thus, where we find a retention of the aspirated dental, we also find traces of the Celts, though the converse does not always hold. Now it must not be forgotten that in Yorkshire and elsewhere on the eastern side of England, where the people are comparatively light-haired and brachycephalic, they usually say *farden* for *farthing*, *furder* for *farther*, *fadom* for *fathom*. It is certainly worth noting that just the portion of the English people which is not Cymric in its *physique* is not Cymric in its pronunciation.

But, as we have already noticed, the dental aspirate is found in modern Greek; and it is by no means the only point of coincidence between Greek and Cymric. In phonetics, in vocabulary, and in

grammatical structure, the resemblance between Greek and Welsh is quite peculiar and striking; and the Welsh traditional Triads inform us that the Cymry came from "the land where Constantinople now is." Was there, then, an ethnic relationship between ancient Britain and Greece? The consideration of this question must be left over for the next article.

OCEAN-LIFE.

THE Bible tells us that, during the fifth great era of creation, the creatures that inhabit the seas were brought forth, and commanded to dwell there in abundance, to fill the waters of the mighty ocean; and though our knowledge of their goings in and out, in the chamber of the deep, is very limited, yet, till the end of time, gigantic forms of life and bright visions of beauty will be there. Even its humbler and more unnoticed inhabitants are among the elaborate wonders of Almighty skill.

The ocean flora is not less remarkable than its animate inhabitants. At the frozen pole—in the burning tropic—twining around the coral pillars of the distant isle, or borne on the wave which has swept a thousand leagues, the Alge find their home, and drink in their ocean life. They fill every department, and cling to every belonging of the ocean world. The shallows are crowded with vegetation, and the surface of the great depths bear up marine forests of vast extent. The physical conformation of the oceans often give to their vegetation a fixed locality. Of this truth, the *Sargasso Sea* is a wonderful illustration. The Gulf Stream, sweeping up the coasts of America, and bearing eastward to the European shores, with the Guinea current rushing down the western coasts of Africa, form a whirl of vast circumference, the centre of which is this famed "Grassy Sea," covering an area of forty thousand square miles. The old Norse navigators encountered it in their accidental voyages to the West, and Columbus passed through it on his first voyage to the New World. He deemed it an indication of land, and thus was enabled to quiet his mutinous and rebellious seamen. This plant—*Sargassum vulgare*—has no visible root or fruit, but the branchlets radiate from a floating centre. Numerous sea-birds hover upon it, as an oasis in their wanderings.

These detached, floating masses of marine plants are not without use, even to man. In the noted storm-regions of Cape Horn, and extending up both ocean-coasts, exists the enormous *Macrocystis pyrifera*, single leaves of which have been found three hundred feet in length. These leaves are admirably formed to sustain their great weight upon the water, having a vesicle filled with air at the base of each. These are attached to an immense central stalk, and gradually diminish in size until the terminal ones may be not more than one foot in length. The tempest-tossed ship, when driven landward, is sustained and held from the breakers by these impenetrable masses, and the seaman often owes his life to the kind intervention of the seemingly useless *Macrocystis*.

The rooted ocean-plants, if not as serviceable to man when exposed to the dangers of the deep, are equally wonderful, and perhaps more beautiful, than their floating contemporaries. In the vicinity of the Falkland Islands, submarine forests of "ocean willows"—*Lessonia fuscescens*—spread their long branches over the ocean-floor. Growing upright, beneath the waters, to the length of forty or fifty feet, their graceful undulations can be plainly seen from the surface, when the sky is clear, and the sea calm.

Prototypes of their earth-nurtured sisters, these forests teem with life—parasitic plants of varied forms, and myriads of living creatures, are cradled in their wave-borne branches. But it is in the neighborhood of the coralline isles of the Pacific and Indian Oceans that the vegetation attains in beauty a perfection beyond description, and must be seen in its own *habitat* to be fully appreciated. Waving plumes of every brilliant hue—zoophytic forms, interspersed with coral tracery, and magnified by the crystal medium in which they dwell, form pictures of beauty surpassing those of fairy tales. Upon the same wave that is tossed by the might of the hurricane, the cyclone, and the tornado, the delicate Alge—sensitive to the touch as the quivering Mimosa—are born and cradled in perfect security.

It is to the bright colors and grotesque forms of the zoophyte world that some of the wild stories of the weird inhabitants of ocean may be attributed. Endowed with the lowest form of animate life—sometimes but a mass of contortions and convolutions, and, again, of lovely flower-like forms—they are indeed anomalies of Nature. Many

of the species are reproduced by division, instead of succession. If a portion of the creature's body be detached, it will become a perfect animal. They cling to rocks and pebbles—nestle in the sands—grasp the waving sea-weeds, with their flower-like hands, dwell as parasites on other living creatures, and drift along upon the surface of the waves. Long believed to belong to the vegetable kingdom, comparatively recent discoveries have proved them to be animal organisms, and they are curiously adapted to their billowy home.

A species of Serpula—the *Serpula contortuplicata*—is enclosed in a twisted tube of coralline texture, from which it can, at will, extend its beautiful flower-like breathing organs; but when the storm sweeps by, or danger threatens, it contracts its tentacles, and the entrance is securely closed, by a cover attached to a fleshy muscle, which expands or contracts at will. When the fortress is closed, and the inhabitants within, it has the appearance of a mass of rock coral. Another industrious and enterprising little fellow throws out from among its tentacles a long thread-like fibre, barbed at the end, with which it seizes its prey, and draws it in, with the dexterity of an Isaac Walton.

But perhaps the most beautiful family in the zoophytic realm are the *Actinias*, or Sea-anemones. A fleshy muscle, which can contract, to fasten itself to rocks and stones, forms the basis of the structure of these creatures. From the centre of this muscle radiate the flower-like tentacles of various lengths and hues. They are not mere appendages of beauty, but, besides serving to catch prey, act as a breathing-apparatus, through which a current of water is taken, and discharged after its oxygen is exhausted.

The parasites of the ocean-world, if not as famed, are perhaps as curious as its more independent inhabitants, and many of the zoophytes belong to this class. In habits they may well claim kinship to their more sentient relatives of earth, looking to others for the support they lack the energy to provide for themselves. One variety attaches itself to a species of mussel in such a manner that when the poor encumbered bivalve attempts to seize its prey, the waiting tentacles of the self-imposed guest snatches it away, and appropriates it to its own use. And not only are the lowly inhabitants of the shallows thus imposed upon, but the parasite roams over the whole globe. It clings to the sheathing of the ship, and makes its home with the whale, upon whose flukes barnacles are found sometimes several inches in circumference. They appear to annoy and disturb the whale to a great degree. Other ills also pursue this great tenant of the deep. A few years ago, a boat came upon a Polar whale which appeared to be in intense agony, and his paroxysms were so fearful that for a season it was impossible to approach him. With great difficulty he was captured and killed, and upon removing his teeth, in the nerves or marrow of two of them, several living worms were found. But we have alluded to this monster of the deep only in connection with the parasites that infest him, and will leave the whale in his "leviathan vastness," to follow the course of a beautiful and curious little creature, who, though long embalmed in poetry, still continues to be a famed and independent denizen of the equatorial seas. We would make brief mention of the species of *Nautilus* termed by seamen the "Portuguese Man-of-war." The gales which rend down the sails of the ship, only increase the activity of these bold little mariners; and they exist in great numbers in the oceans in the vicinity of the tropics, skimming over the surface of the waves, or sleeping in the bosom of the deep. The under side of this creature is a muscle, furnished with tentacles, said by sailors to be poisonous to the touch, and upon the upper side, rising above the water, is a thin transparent vesicle, two or three inches in diameter, of an oval form, pink-hued, and delicately veined with a vivid purple. For centuries this was supposed to serve as a sail, but recent observation has dissipated this charming fiction, and has shown that the movement of the *Nautilus* is effected by the forcible ejection of water from a syphon-like tube with which it is provided. Although we may not know the part this little creature fills in the economy of Nature, yet man may not call useless what the Almighty hath pronounced good.

Though the ocean holds in its domain some of the most gigantic creatures which the Creator has made, yet its greatest marvels are found in its microscopic inhabitants. Of this truth, the coral insect is a beautiful and well-known example. This creature does not build in the fathomless depths, as poets have sung; but its isles exist either in a circular form around the base of islands of volcanic origin, or along the coast-line; for it is a well-known fact that, at a certain depth, ocean-life ceases, both animal and vegetable. It builds, at a limited distance beneath the wave-line, of a limestone material, gath-

ered from the water, which it manufactures in its own body, and secretes therefrom. The busy currents always keep supplies of material on hand, and bear away the water from which it has been exhausted, thus making the waters of the distant latitudes contribute their treasures to the formation of the tropic isles. As soon as the cell is finished, it hardens, the material having undergone a strange chemical process in the creature's body, which produces that effect. The little architect then dies; he has built his tomb and sealed himself therein, and the old Egyptian monarchs fashioned for themselves none as extensive or enduring. As the jagged outline reaches the ocean-surface—for succeeding generations build upon the tombs of their ancestors—*débris* is gathered there, accumulating with the lapse of time—the wreck of the storm-broken ship, or the drifting sea-weed—some bird or a favoring gale wafts hither a tiny seed; verdure at length appears, and lo! a living emerald crown gems the rolling waste, and the mausoleum of the coral-worker is complete. Time enlarges and beautifies it, never destroys it.

Nor is the coral alone in its works of minute vastness, for far away from the tropic sunlight, near the frozen Southern Pole, where the most fearless navigator has rarely ventured, the *Diatomaceæ* have piled up their mighty ramparts. Untold myriads of these creatures have congregated and fossilized there in quantities sufficient to resist the action of the most powerful currents, or fiercest storms. This submarine bank, three hundred miles in length, was long a physical mystery, but the microscope called up the creature from its fossil tomb, and bade him tell his story, and he obeyed its mandate. While they slumber uselessly there in the polar depths, science has availed herself of their aid elsewhere, to bear up the magnetic lines that connect the continents of America and Europe.

The "telegraphic plateau" between Newfoundland and Ireland, rising to within ten thousand feet of the ocean-surface, is revealed by the microscope to be entirely a substitute of sand, and composed principally of perfect shells of the *Pteraminifera* and *Diatomaceæ*. For fifteen hundred miles are piled beneath the ocean their deep-laid mausolea, of sufficient magnitude to contain the human race. Too far down in the sea to be disturbed by surface influences, or the footprints of the icebergs in their downward wanderings, yet not too deep for the cable's resting-place, they form the link to bind the world, and the distant Continents clasp hands there now, upon their silent and untrodden graves. The tomb of man crumbles in the dust of death, but the voices of the nations speak from that of the ocean-insect, embalmed ages ago. The powers of these minute creatures, in conducting the economy of the globe, can hardly be estimated. Toiling on for ages, the little worker gathers up his material, and thus disturbs the waters, and assists their circulation, and man may yet learn that much of his own buoyant life he owes to their silent but busy influences.

But we must leave the microscope, to glance at the "shell-strewn floor of the ocean-shore."

In classic lore we find reference to the *Murex*, a shell-fish of the Carthaginian coasts, from whose blood was obtained the gorgeous purple of royal Dido's festal robes. Medical science seeks its *iodine*—so valuable and rare—in ocean products; and geology points to its mountains of fossil shells, and by their records declares the history of former eras. The savage adorns himself with shells, as amulets and charms, and the brow of enlightened beauty is gemmed with the tears of the wounded bivalve. A string of pearls, owned by one of the former possessors of the famous Koh-i-nor diamond, was esteemed by him its equal in wealth and beauty. Storm and desolation present no obstacles to the growth and development of these races. On the lonely rock, the drifting wreck, the floating sea-weed, and the changing sands, they make their habitations. They people what otherwise would nurture no form of life. Endowed with animation rather than sensation, and rendered incapable of suffering by the simplicity of their physical structure, it was indeed a plan of All-wise goodness that adapted them to the theatre of their rude and rugged existence. Many of the most beautiful forms of ocean-life must ever remain unknown to man. The boundless area of the lower ocean-world, its mountains, hills, and valleys, with all its marvellous treasures of life, beauty, and wealth gathered there, will probably be forever unexplored. The voices of the distant Continents are heard there, but the Deep keeps its own secret well:

"How vain the task to tell the story
Of all the wonders of the deep!
To Him alone, is known their glory,
Wherein whose hand the wild waves sleep."

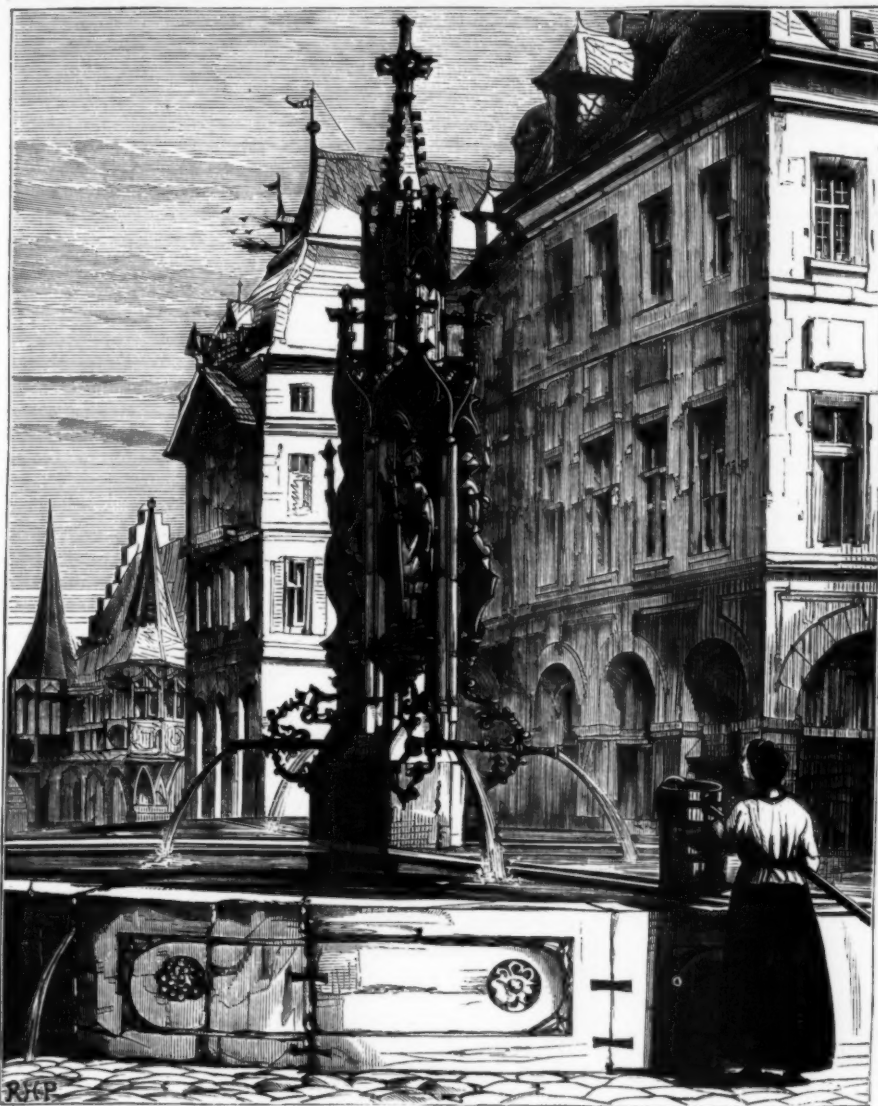
A MÆDIEVAL BANQUET.

ON the 15th of June, 1368, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III., of England, was married at Milan to the Lady Violante, a daughter of the princely house of Visconti, which then ruled Lombardy. The wedding-banquet of the illustrious couple was a striking example of mediæval profuseness, as the following particulars will amply show.

The banqueting-tables were arranged in the open court before the palace of the Visconti, in the Piazza dell' Arenga. Among the guests admitted to the private table of the bride and bridegroom were the Count de Savoy, the Bishop of Novara, and the illustrious poet, Francis Petrarch, then in the zenith of his fame. At another table, a hundred of the most beautiful ladies of the court displayed their gorgeous toilets, studded with pearls and other precious stones, their extravagant use of which is a frequent subject of censure with the contemporary historians.

The banquet was composed of eighteen different courses, ushered in with the utmost pomp, and accompanied by appropriate presents for the newly-married pair. The first course, as a mark of peculiar honor, was served up in duplicate to the bridegroom's table, and was composed, among other dishes, of two small porklings entirely gilded, with fire in their mouths; and small, gilt fish, called porcelletti. As presents, two of the choicest greyhounds which could be procured, with their appropriate trappings, were led round and exhibited to the company. The second course consisted of gilded hares and pike; with twelve greyhounds and six goshawks as presents. The third entry was a large gilt calf in a silver dish, and an infinity of small gilt trout; twelve sporting-dogs, of various breeds, with velvet collars and silken leashes, as presents. The fourth course—attended by twelve couple of sporting-dogs, and twelve beautiful falcons, with bells, hoods, etc., of silver—was principally of gilt partridges, quails, and roast gilded trout. The fifth course, of gilt game of all kinds, and large gilt carp, was accompanied by a similar present of hawks to the fourth, only that they were enriched with hoods covered with costly pearls.

With the sixth entry, the solids of the feast and the more cumbersome presents commenced—beef and capons with garlic sauce, sturgeons whole in water; and twelve steel cuirasses of exquisite finish, buckled and studded with silver, for the bridegroom. The seventh course sounds novel to our ears—capon, game, and fish served up in lemonade; and, as presents, twelve matchless suits of Milan armor, twelve tilting-saddles, and twelve lances. The eighth entry, pastry, beef, and huge eel-pies, with twelve more suits of war-armor. The ninth course and its successor were more moderate, consisting of meat and fish, jellies, and lampreys; with gold coins, gold cloths, silver basins, and flasks filled with Malmsey and Vernaccia wines, as presents. The eleventh course of this never-ending banquet was of kids accompanied by six horses, with saddles, lances, targets, and helmets in like number. The twelfth, hares and other game, with six large coursers, with saddles and golden trappings. The thirteenth service, venison and beef; with six war-horses, with gilded bridles, bits, and full heraldic trappings and housings. The fourteenth, fowls, capons, etc., dressed in colored sauces with citron; and six light, jousting coursers, with gilded bridles, red velvet cloths, and halters. The fifteenth, peacocks' tongues, more carp, of which the Italians and French were particularly fond, vegetables, and fruit: as presents, a dual hood, mantle, and lower robe, covered with pearls, and lined with ermine. The sixteenth, rabbits, peacocks, ducks, etc.; and a huge silver basin, containing one large ruby, one large diamond, a large pearl, and some other choice specimens of precious stones. The seventeenth course was rural and pastoral in comparison, being cheese, Parmesan, even then famous among epicures, and other products of the dairy, with the very appropriate present of twelve fat cows. For the eighteenth course—fruits, sweetmeats, and various wines—was reserved the most costly present. Two splendid chargers—one called the *Lion*, the other the *Abbot*—were presented to the Duke of Clarence by his princely father-in-law; and seventy-seven similar steeds for his principal knights and barons. The bridegroom's table at this unconscionable feast, which must have lasted many hours, was served by twelve principal knights of the duchy; pages of lower rank, but all of gentle blood, attending on the other tables, and taking charge of the various presents.



ANCIENT FOUNTAIN IN FREIBURG.

THE town of Freiburg-in-Breisgau is justly celebrated for its magnificent minster. Few more interesting churches exist in Europe, and it would be difficult to find one which offers a more beautiful subject, or collection of subjects, to the pencil of the artist. No engraving can give an idea of the great beauty of this cathedral, as one of its greatest charms is the exquisite color of every portion of the building. The stone of which it is built is of a delicate crimson tint, and is overgrown with lichen of the richest orange. Nor is the interior less remarkable for its picturesque beauty, as nearly all the windows are filled with old stained glass of the most brilliant description; and most of the altars are ancient, some of them adorned with pictures of great merit. The high-altar pictures are the works of Hans Balding Grün, and were painted at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Over an altar in one of the side aisles of the choir is a painting by Holbein; and over another, a large silver crucifix of very early Romanesque work. The pulpit, which is ornamented with statuettes in bronze, is said to have been carved by an artist of the name of Hauser in the year 1561; but from its appearance, and the entire absence of Italianism in its details, it might date from fifty or sixty years earlier.

The other churches in Freiburg are not very remarkable.

The Protestant church is noteworthy from the fact that it originally stood at Thennenbach, and was removed here "stone by stone." Probably it was, in its original condition and position, a fine and interesting abbey church; but its "removal" and "reconstruction" have robbed it of all interest, and as it now stands it is a dry, hard, lifeless Romanesque building. The doorways, however, which are probably the only portions of the building that have been really "reconstructed," are good examples of the style. The interior consists of plain whitewashed walls, entirely devoid of ornament, and painted deal galleries and benches—a precious "reconstruction" of an ancient abbey church!

The Minorite church has been a good fourteenth-century building, but has suffered from modernizations perpetrated during the last century. It contains a good set of stalls, and a curious cloister.

The Kauf-haus, opposite the cathedral, is a charming little Gothic building, built upon an arcade of four segmental arches, with bow-windows at each corner, and the font decorated with rich niches, containing statues of the German electors. The roof of this building is shown in our engraving to the extreme left. Not far from the Kauf-

haus is the beautiful little fountain of which we give an illustration. It is built of red stone, with white stone figures. Its probable date is about the year 1480. It is ornamented with four large statues, two representing Bishops of Freiburg, and two of them knights in full armor, probably intended to represent Counts of Zähringen, the original possessors of the town. Opposite the cathedral is another ancient fountain, which had the misfortune to be "restored" about thirty years ago, and has been quite destroyed in the process.

THE ASTRONOMY OF JOB.

EVERY one is familiar with the story of Galileo. It is a dark scene in the page of history. We are not about to repeat the account. Our object is simply to bring out a new point in Biblical criticism which recalls Galileo to mind. When the ecclesiastical tribunal, in 1633, condemned the Italian astronomer for maintaining propositions, in regard to the revolution of the earth, "philosophically false, erroneous in faith, and expressly contrary to Holy Scripture," and triumphantly pointed to the command of Joshua, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon: and the sun stood still and the moon stayed," the churchmen thought that the Ptolemaic system was as incontrovertible as the Aristotelian philosophy, and that both were in entire accordance with Scripture. They had been, years before, amazed and enraged by the letter of Galileo to the Abbé Castelli, written to prove that the Scriptures were not intended to teach us science and philosophy, and that it was equally difficult to reconcile the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems with expressions in the Bible. They little thought, however, that there was a passage in Scripture, written more than two hundred years before Joshua crossed the Jordan, in which the doctrine of the revolution of the earth upon its axis, taught by Galileo, is fully affirmed. Yet such is the case; and, had their eminenes been as good Hebraists as they were priests and inquisitors, they would have known that the Lord, when He answered Job out of the storm, had distinctly declared it, and would not have "darkened counsel by words without knowledge."

Perhaps some of our readers will be not less surprised than the cardinals themselves would have been, to find that the old patriarch had received a revelation on astronomy. They may say that the science of the heavens was born in the pure atmosphere of the Orient, where the moons of Jupiter can be seen without the aid of the glass of Fiesole, and that it is not strange that the "greatest among the sons of the East" should be acquainted with the peculiar science of his native land; but they are not prepared to acknowledge that Job was in advance of Copernicus. He was so, however, as we propose to show to their satisfaction.

A few years since, the Rev. Carteret Priaulx Carey, Incumbent of St. John's, Guernsey, published a "Translation of the Book of Job." It is in blank verse, amply illustrated by critical notes and a commentary. The work is but little known in this country, though it possesses great merit. We extract the following lines from the thirty-eighth chapter. They begin with the twelfth verse—a well-known passage in the English Bible:

"Hast thou, since thy days, commanded the morning,
And caused the day-spring to know his place—
To take hold of the wings of the earth
That the wicked might be shaken out of it?
It turneth round like a seal of clay,
And things stand out as though in dress."

An examination of the original will satisfy any one moderately acquainted with Hebrew that Mr. Carey is correct. The words will not bear the rendering given them in the Anglican version. A verbal critique would be out of place here. The translation alludes to the turning round of the earth like a seal of clay. Both in Assyria and Egypt these clay seals are found. They are made in the form of a wheel, and have their designs wrought in relief upon the *tire*, and when used were rolled over the soft wax, or whatever was intended to take the impression. Thus the "objects," or designs, "stand out," and, as the seal rolls round, the revolution of the earth is declared and illustrated, and one remarkable agreement between science and Scripture is established conclusively.

In Galileo's time, had not a knowledge of Hebrew been limited to a very few, and had not the ecclesiastics of that day, like too many

of the clergy of our own time, contented themselves with such acquaintance with Holy Writ as may be obtained from versions, there would not have been enacted that dark scene which affords, in the punishment and retraction of Galileo, so triumphant an exhibition of the wickedness and weakness of man. "Human nature," says Sir David Brewster, "is here drawn in its darkest coloring; in surveying the melancholy picture, it is difficult to decide whether religion or philosophy has been most degraded. While we hear the presumptuous priest pronouncing infallible the decrees of his own erring judgment, we see the high-minded philosopher abjuring the eternal and immutable truths which he has himself the glory of establishing."

We will add that they who make it a business to interpret Scripture should inform themselves in regard to the original languages in which Scripture was written, and should not be terrified at the developments of modern scholarship.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IF the lives of authors in general are a purgatory on earth, as one has declared, and as many have found, the lines of a favored few have occasionally fallen in pleasant places. Unlike the majority of the guild, who, so far as can be perceived, become authors by accident, the course of these appears to be marked out for them from the beginning, their studies preparing them for the work to be performed, and the work itself coming to them in the natural course of events. To this educated and happy class belonged Thomas Gray, who, besides being a poet, was one of the most learned scholars of his time; and that laborious man-of-all-work, Robert Southey, the brightest hours of whose existence were passed in his library. To this class, also, belongs Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose life has singularly fitted him for letters, to which his devotion has been remarkably pure. It is not given to every man to be proud of his ancestry; but Mr. Arnold may well be proud of his; for, among the divines and scholars of England, there is no brighter name than that of his father, the Rev. Thomas Arnold, the famous head-master of Rugby. Born on the 24th of December, 1822, at Laleham, near Staines, where his father was then residing with his pupils, Matthew Arnold may be said to have been cradled and schooled into learning from his earliest days. He was educated at Rugby, under his father's eye, and afterward at Winchester and Balliol College, Oxford. Elected scholar in 1840, he won, three years later, the Newdigate prize for English verse, the subject being "Cromwell;" the next year he graduated with honor, and the next, was a Fellow of Oriel College. We have a brief mention of him at this time in the recently-published letters of his friend and fellow Rugbyman—Arthur Hugh Clough—who wrote to a friend, under the date of April 2, 1845: "First of all; you will be glad to hear that Matt. Arnold is elected Fellow of Oriel. This was done on Friday last, March 28, just thirty years after his father's election. Mrs. Arnold is of course well pleased, as also the venerable poet at Rydal, who has taken M. under his special protection." That Matthew Arnold was in his youth under the guidance of Wordsworth, we should have guessed, from his verse, even if we had not known that his family and that of the Laureate lived near each other in the Lake region, and were often thrown together. That he, boy as he was, should have been taken into the good graces of the veteran poet, speaks highly for his genius and character, and was, all things considered, a fortunate circumstance. There is a period in the lives of young poets when they are peculiarly open to impressions, and their future depends very much on the men with whom they come in contact, and upon the intellectual value of the work they are led to admire and imitate. There was no higher work than Wordsworth's, and the student-poet appears to have held it up before himself as an ideal worthy of his most strenuous exertions. In 1847 he became the private secretary of Lord Lansdowne. Marrying in 1851, he was appointed one of the Lay Inspectors of Schools, under the Committee of Council on Education—a post which he still fills, and ably, we are sure. In 1848 he issued his first volume, "The Strayed Revellers and Other Poems," but modestly hid his personality under the letter "A." Four years later he published "Empedocles on Aetna," which was soon withdrawn from circulation, but afterward acknowledged, and within the past two years republished by him in a volume called "New Poems." In 1853, or '54, he published the first series of his "Poems," consisting of selections from the volumes just named, with a number of new

pieces; and, somewhat later, a second series of the same general character. The influence of Wordsworth was visible in both, and in the preface, wherein the young poet, following in the footsteps of the elder, laid down his theory of poetry, and the laws by which he ought to be judged. A manly and thoughtful preface, it showed the critics that a new poet had risen, and showed the poets that a new critic had risen, also. Critics and poets alike welcomed Arnold's "Poems," which were reprinted in this country in 1856. The next year Mr. Arnold was elected Professor of Poetry, at Oxford, in place of the Rev. Thomas Legh Cloughton, whose term of office had expired, and after a severe struggle against the claims of the Rev. John Ernest Bode, one of the most distinguished members of the university. Mr. Arnold held the chair of poetry for ten years, and was succeeded by the present professor, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. We cannot recall the names of Mr. Arnold's predecessors at Oxford, one or two of whom were men of some eminence in their day and generation; but certain it is that none ever possessed such claims as he to teach, what can be taught, of "the vision and the faculty divine." The most noted of them, Thomas Warton—if our memory serves—was an elegant but feeble poet, who, at his best, could not have written Mr. Arnold's most indifferent poem. And, as for their criticism upon poetry and the poetic art, we can imagine the interest that attached to it, from the oblivion which at once overtook it. Of Mr. Arnold's criticisms, it is safe to say, that they were always intelligent and acute. The best of them are probably his three lectures "On Translating Homer," published by him in his "Essays on Criticism," and these are excellent, indeed. We cannot agree with Mr. Arnold that the hexameter is the best measure in which to translate Homer into English; but in all else we are at one with him. So is not Lord Derby, however, who stigmatizes Mr. Arnold's preference for the hexameter as a "pestilent heresy," and is committed, in his own version, to the faults of Latinity, which mar the versions of Pope and Cowper.

In 1858 Mr. Arnold published "Merope," the most classical of all his poems. As it was not republished here, and is not included by him among his poetical works, it was probably not successful at the time of its appearance. Be this, however, as it may, it has since "paled its ineffectual fires" before the fiercer light and splendor of "Atalanta in Calydon," whose popularity as a tragedy is mainly due to its violations of the fundamental laws of tragedy, the general effect of which should be repose, no matter how tempestuous the elements with which it deals. If "Merope" is, as we believe, a specimen of Greek Art, "Atalanta in Calydon" is Gothic in every thing but its form, bearing about the same relation to the works of the Greek tragic writers that Marlow bears to Milton, or Byron to Wordsworth.

After the publication of "Merope" Mr. Arnold was sent by the Government as Foreign Assistant Commissioner to the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of education in France, Germany, and Holland, and on his return he submitted a report of the results arrived at by him. This was in 1859-'60. The next year he published his lectures "On Translating Homer," which led to a controversy between himself and Professor Newman, whose version of the Iliad he had criticised with considerable severity. His "Essays on Criticism" appeared in 1865. The same year he visited the Continent for the second time, to procure information in regard to foreign schools for the middle and upper classes, for the Royal Commission on Middle-Class Education. His publications since are "New Poems" (1867), and a volume on Celtic Literature. He is also the author of several papers on "Anarchy and Authority;" and is understood to be one of the editors of the new journal, *The Academy*, to the first number of which he contributed a short article on Senancour, the author of "Obermann," the subject of one of the most characteristic pieces in the second series of his "Poems."

The intellectual work of Mr. Arnold so far has lain in the direction of Poetry and Criticism—walks of literature not necessarily diverging from each other, as they frequently are, but which seldom run side by side as in the domain over which his genius presides. It was Camoëns, we think, who said of himself that he trod with one foot in Portugal and the other in Spain, referring to some of his poems which were written in the language of both those countries; and Mr. Arnold might say something similar of himself, in his double capacity of Poet and Critic. His theory of poetry is admirable in many respects, but, like all theories, it is too narrow to include much that it should, and, like most theories, it is violated by the theorist himself. Mr. Arnold would have us take the ancients as our models, since it is only with them,

he thinks, that we can find sure guidance and solid footing amid the bewildering confusion of our times. "They, at any rate, knew what they wanted in Art, and we do not." It may be that when Mr. Arnold penned the preface to his first series of poems, now some thirteen years ago, he believed that he was under the influence of the classic poets; if so, he adds another to the many instances of men of genius who have completely mistaken their powers. There is nothing Greek in his poetry, until we reach "Merope." "The Strayed Reveller," for instance, is composed of Greek materials, but the putting together is mediæval; its combinations are picturesque, but the picturesqueness is rather that of the mosaic-worker than that of the painter. "Empedocles on Ætna" is so unsatisfactory as a whole, that Mr. Arnold should have been willing to let it die, as he at first intended; what he had preserved of it in his first and second series of "Poems" was enough to show us what it was, and to satisfy us that we had lost nothing by its suppression. There are two poems in Mr. Arnold's volumes which are epical in their character, "Sohrab and Rustum," and "Balder Dead." Of both it may be said that they are representative of the different literatures from which they are drawn, and in a certain sense are as exhaustive as representative. "Sohrab and Rustum" is the finest episode in Firdusi's epic, the *Shah Nameh*; and "Balder Dead" is at once the most human and the most divine personage and incident in the old Norse mythology. Around the first the poet has clustered all that is necessary, to put us *en rapport* with the spirit of the time he would revivify—a perfect *mise en scene* of early Persian manners, costumes, landscapes, the whole being rounded with an action unparalleled for its pathos; and around the second he has reconstructed the whole Northern Valhalla, and repopled it with its elemental deities. There is good scholarship in all this, and good Art, but the Art is not of the highest, as Mr. Arnold would say, since it is not classic. There is an endeavor toward Classic Art in "Sohrab and Rustum;" but it cannot be considered successful, since its most characteristic feature—which includes the Homeric simile as well as the Homeric manner—is entirely out of keeping with the rest of the narrative, which is thoroughly romantic and modern. Judged as a poem, however—that is, by its *spirit*, and not its *form*—"Sohrab and Rustum" is a noble addition to English Literature, and one which will not perish until men shall have ceased to sympathize with heroic actions, and to sorrow over undeserved sufferings. It is in the region of Romantic Art that Mr. Arnold has won his most signal triumphs as a poet, as, after "Sohrab and Rustum," in such poems as "Tristram and Iseult," and "The Sick King in Bokhara." An element of strangeness, which is the strongest characteristic of the Mediæval Legend, manifests itself in the first more thoroughly than in any poem with which we are acquainted, with the single exception, perhaps, of Mr. William Morris's "Defence of Guinevere." "The Sick King" is the most perfect Oriental poem in our literature, both as regards the richness of its coloring, and the pathos of the problem upon which it touches, and which is as old as the wants and sorrows of the poor. The Sick King is the Aryan brother of Hamlet, who cannot be comforted by the worldly wisdom of his gray vizier:

"O Vizier, thou art old, I young.
Clear in those things I cannot see.
My head is burning; and a heat
Is in my skin, which angers me.

And I have meat and drink at will,
And rooms of treasure, not a few;
But I am sick, nor heed I these:
And what I would, I cannot do."

The early influence of Wordsworth, of which we have spoken, is plainly noticeable in many of Mr. Arnold's smaller pieces, and is felt rather than seen in others. "Laodamia" was certainly his model in writing "Mycerinus," and quite as certainly the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" was the fruit-seed of "The Buried Life." A few lines will be sufficient to show what we mean, without any further criticism on our part:

"Only—but this is rare—

When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,

Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again:
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,

And what we mean, we say; and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

"And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth forever chase,
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The Hills, whence his life rose,
And the Sea, where it goes."

As a poetic artist, Mr. Arnold belongs to two schools—the Objective, to which, and its methods, we owe such poems as "Sohrab and

Rustum," "Tristram and Iseult," and "Balder Dead"—and the Subjective, whose "haunt and main region" is in the hearts and souls of its followers. What in Wordsworth is sympathy with the outward forms of Nature, and the moods in which they reflect themselves most clearly in Man, in Mr. Arnold is sympathy with Man himself, in his moods of hope and despondency,

"Moving about in worlds not realized."

After Wordsworth, he is the most reflective of modern English poets, and the one whose ideals of life and character are the highest. His noblest poems—nobler than any we have named—are "The Scholar Gypsy," and "Thyrsis," the monody in which he has immortally embalmed the memory of his friend Clough, adding to English Poetry the third of its great death-dirges, its predecessors being Milton's "Lycidas" and Shelley's "Adonais."

With the peculiar bent of his genius, and his thorough classical scholarship, Mr. Arnold could not well help being a critic, though it is possible that he might, under other circumstances, have kept his critical faculties in abeyance, except so far as his own work was concerned—in order to give his creative faculties freer and more abundant play. Good criticism is so excellent a thing, that we can never afford to spare it; but it can be purchased too dearly—at the expense and to the impoverishment of rarer intellectual endowments, and by those who are called to do different and higher work. If Mr. Arnold was not the poet he is, he should have been the critic he is, but being the poet, he should not have been the critic; since others might have given us his criticisms, but no one save himself could have given us his poetry, of which he has written far too little. We say this with

the warmest admiration for his criticisms, which are as tolerant as is consistent with the interests of literature. The English have always been behind the French and Germans in criticism. There was no English criticism worthy of the name, in the last century, though Dr. Johnson essayed a little, and brutally, in that field, in his "Lives of the Poets;" and there has been but little English criticism in this century, in spite of its Jeffreys, Macaulays, and Carlyles. If Mr. Arnold has a prototype, we must cross the Channel to find him, in the unsanctified grave of the critic who was buried the other day—Sainte-Beuve, whom Mr. Arnold very justly calls "the master of us all." There is in both the same worship of high ideals, the same subtle apprehension of faults and beauties, and the same courteous but determined courage in stating their conclusions. While Mr. Arnold is the

fairest of English critics—the fairest, because the most thorough—he is, strange to say, the one who appears to irritate his countrymen most. This, we say, is strange; but it is not strange, if we will but consider, as he is, the average Englishman of to-day—the Philistine of Mr. Arnold, as his fellow in Germany, seventy or eighty years ago, was the Philistine of Goethe and Schiller. You may hatter at this Englishman, whose name is Legion, with the cudgels of language, for cudgelling is a game at which two can play (besides, his skull is a thick one); but when you attempt to pink him with the rapier, or the dagger, he is bewildered and at your mercy. Now the cudgel is not the weapon that Mr. Arnold condescends to use, but for the rapier and the dagger—"that's two of his weapons," as Hamlet says. What the English Philistine hates Mr. Arnold for is his wit, which is too keen even for the



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cleverest—the smart young fellows of the *Saturday Review* and the *Telegraph*, who have been forced to say, ere now, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "Plague on't; an' I had thought he had been so valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him."

We cannot but wish, in conclusion, that we had a writer like Mr. Arnold in this country (even if a poet were spoiled in making him), a scholarly and conscientious man of letters, who would devote himself to the examination of our authors, and to the destruction of their present low ideals, and their thousand faults of temper and taste. We must have an American critic, if we are to have an American literature; for, when the age of creative energies is past (and these are a law to themselves), there can be no literature without criticism.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.*

MR. BARING-GOULD, the author of the valuable and entertaining "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," has undertaken in this new work to grapple with the greatest and most difficult of all problems, the origin and growth of religious belief. The question, we suspect, is one which transcends the scope of the unaided human intellect, for it reaches in one direction into the unknown world which lies around us and above us, so near and yet so far, and in the other direction, that is to say, the scientific and historical, into the dim regions of the remotest ages, from which only a few vague and as yet little understood traditions have come down to us. The origin of religious belief is to be sought in the very earliest annals of our race, for all the great systems which prevail, or which have prevailed on the earth, are founded on facts or embodied in records older than any thing else in human history or human literature. As far back as we can trace the existence of man on the earth we find him a religious being, and we have apparently very little on which to base a scientific investigation of the origin of his beliefs, especially if we avoid the supernatural, and confine our researches entirely to positive external grounds.

Yet this is the task undertaken by Mr. Baring-Gould. He writes entirely from a philosophic and not from a religious point of view. He assumes nothing, not even the existence of God, and does not touch at all upon the question of the truth of revelation. He remarks in his preface: "We have a revelation in our own nature. An historical revelation is necessarily subject to historical criticism, and it can never be proved to be true. The revelation of our own nature is never antiquated, and is always open to be questioned. On this revelation the Church of the future must establish its claims to acceptance."

In the same preface he defines his work as a contribution toward the as yet infant science of comparative theology, from the study of which he expects significant results to flow, as fruitful as those which have been derived from the study of comparative anatomy. We think he is mistaken, however, in supposing that there is any analogy between the two sciences. Comparative anatomy deals only with positive and external objects, facts which can be fully taken cognizance of by our senses. The provinces of theology, on the other hand, embrace many regions into which our external senses cannot enter, and deal with problems the solution of which cannot be decided by mathematical axioms. Of these provinces our author takes little or no account. He undertakes on purely positive grounds to determine the religious instincts of humanity; to show how they have originated, how they have been modified, and to what they are necessarily tending. He expects in his second volume, not yet published, to show how Christianity by its fundamental postulate—the Incarnation—assumes to meet all these instincts; how it actually does meet them; and how failure is due to counteracting political or social causes.

In this gigantic task of explaining on purely natural grounds the origin of religious ideas, we cannot say that the author has been entirely successful. But he has given us a brilliant and very suggestive book, which is really a series of essays on the most important topics, such as the idea of Immortality, the origin of Polytheism, Mythology, Idolatry, Monotheism, Pantheism, Asceticism, and Mysticism. The opening chapter is devoted to an inquiry into the seat of the religious sentiment, and treats of the correlation of forces, of the mode of cellular growth, the nervous system of man, and the functions of the cerebrum and cerebellum. It is rather hard reading, but is eminently sound in its science, and is fortunately not very long. The second and third chapters are also somewhat dry, though their science is of a high character, and the discussion of their topics perhaps essential to the elucidation of the author's plan.

The subsequent chapters are much more entertaining, and there is something almost fascinating in the titles of their contents. The whole range of history, the entire literature of travel and ethnology, the traditions and legends of all nations, from the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Greeks, and the Hebrews, to the Feejee-islanders, and the

Aztecs of Mexico, and the rudest tribes of North and South America, have been ransacked to furnish illustrations for the author's theories, and to add weight to his arguments. In point of learning, and of careful and extensive study, the book cannot fail to command the respect of every competent critic. In the fourth chapter, which treats of "The Idea of Immortality," the author says: "Man's personality is so distinctly projected on the surface of his consciousness, that the idea of its obliteration is inconceivable, without doing violence to his primary convictions. Let any one try to imagine himself extinguished—his powers of thought, his feelings, his volitions, his perceptions broken short off—and he will see how extremely difficult is the task, and how incomplete is his success."

This is happily and succinctly expressed, and in what follows there is an equally clear and felicitous expression of some of the reasons that induce men to cling tenaciously to the belief in immortality:

"The instinctive clinging to life is essential to organic life; it is especially pronounced in man, exhibiting itself in intense repugnance to death. Death fills him with craven fear; it is to him the worst of ills, the most appalling catastrophe that can take place; and, if some make a display of indifference at its approach, it is not that they are insensible to dread, but that they desire to exhibit the highest courage by facing unflinchingly that for which they feel the extremest terror.

"Any idea which can alleviate this dread, and lighten, though with the feeblest glimmer, the awful blackness of uncertainty beyond the tomb, has been seized on with eagerness and clung to with desperation. The definiteness of Christian teaching on this point conducted greatly to its acceptance. When the missionaries of the cross preached before King Edwin, an old chief rose and said: 'O king, as we sit by night round the fire in the hall, and make good cheer, it often happens that a little bird flies for a moment into the light and heat; it comes out of the cold and darkness, and then it goes out into the cold and darkness; but none know whence it comes, and none can tell whither it goes. And so is our own life. We come, and our wise men cannot tell us whence; we go, and they cannot tell us whither. Therefore, if there be any who can give us certainty about a future state, in God's name let us hear them.'

"A second reason for the adoption of a belief in the immortality of the soul is, that such a doctrine can alone reconcile the anomalies of life. This is not a reason to influence a savage, but it is a powerful one in the breast of a man of thought and feeling. He sees the lots of men unequally balanced; misery, wrong, oppression, blot the history of the past, and smear that of the present. Patriots groan in dungeons. Civilization enriches one, and pauperizes a score. Juggernaut's car rolls over the necks of thousands.

The belief, the hope, that there is a future in which the wrongs of suffering humanity will be righted, has been ploughed into the conscience of mankind by the oppression of centuries. But that men held a doctrine of future retribution for wrong-doing they would have sunk into despair. Theodosius ordered the slaughter of the population of a city because his statues had been defaced. Adonizek cut off the thumbs and great toes of threescore and ten kings, and made them gather crumbs under his table. Caesar wished that mankind had but one neck, that he might hack through it; Justinian blinded the savior of his throne. The King of Dahomey sips sugar and water while a hundred human beings are being massacred before his eyes, and their blood is being puddled with the blood of tigers. History paints oppression whirling its bloody lash after man, and man in the madness of his despair flying like Orestes to the temple of God, and there sitting as a suppliant, sullen and resolute:

"Here will I keep my station and await the event of judgment."

"Without a belief in God, the avenger of all such as call upon Him, and a future life, in which the wicked should cease from troubling and be troubled himself in turn, man, the most down-trodden of all creatures, would wrap his mantle about his face, creep like a wounded hare into a corner, and sob to death.

"The belief in a just God, and in a future state in which wrongs will be redressed, has been forced into prominence to restrain despotism. Even with such a belief the earth is full of violence, but without it she would brim over. Take away the idea of responsibility, and the fear of future retribution, and the veriest King Log will become a King Stork.

"A belief in a future of rewards and punishments has thus been a natural escape for man groaning under despotism. Under the most stinging wrongs, he will and must hope, and hoping believe, that somewhere there is One above the wrong-doer, and that at some time He will recompense the wrong done. When oppression is most intolerable the conviction of a future of retributive justice is most lively, but when prosperity smiles it is almost forgotten. When absolute mon-

* "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief. By S. BARING-GOULD, author of 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,' etc. Part I. Heathenism and Monotheism." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

archy or feudal despotism racked men wantonly, men trusted that hereafter the king and the noble would writhe in the agonies they inflicted on their subjects. When the power of the crown and of the coronet is assumed by justice, men hope that there is no future of suffering, or believe that it is easily evaded. Thus, in the times when Roman despotism had reached its acme, men burst away from the slavery popularly called citizenship, and realizing with an awful intensity the justice of God, which they imprecated on the tyrants, they fasted and tortured their bodies in dens and caves of the earth, that they might satisfy during life that Divine justice which they believed would as surely exact satisfaction for their offences as it would wreak vengeance on the oppressor for his crimes. If we turn to later ages, when political wrongdoing is less in amount, or affects individuals less perceptibly, we find that the sense of Divine justice and the belief in future retribution fade from the religious horizon, and that faith is taught to justify and insure a heaven, even without repentance."

It is but just to Mr. Baring-Gould to say that, while he bases his arguments purely on philosophic and scientific truth, and not on revealed truth, he is careful to say nothing in derogation of revelation or of the sacred writings. For any thing that appears in his work, he may be the most devout of men. He has not written an infidel work, nor assailed in any way the existing faiths. He has simply sought to see what can be said on the subject of religious belief from a purely scientific and historic point of view. In so doing, he has produced a work which cannot fail to be widely popular with earnest and thoughtful men. To that class it will, as the *London Examiner* says, "present some old ideas in a new shape, while it will furnish that industrious being, the general reader, with a variety of new ideas, which the wildest sensation novel could never generate."

INVALID RESIDENCE ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

DR. HENRY BENNET, of London, having, after twenty-five years of laborious professional duties, become consumptive, and finding all efforts to arrest the progress of the disease unavailing, abandoned his exacting practice, and, to use his own words, "wrapped his robes around him, and departed southward, in the autumn of the year 1859, to die in a quiet corner, as he and his friends thought."

But, instead of this sad consummation, his journey and winter residence on the Mediterranean resulted so far favorably to his health, that now, ten years later, he appears with a book* recording long and varied experiences of residence in the south of Europe as it affects and concerns invalids. Not that his work is a mere statement of climate; on the contrary, it is abundantly entertaining as a record of much agreeable observation, and notable experience. It covers the Riviera, Mentone, Italy, Corsica, Sicily, Algeria, Spain, and Biarritz, describing with full particularity the picturesque, social, and climatic conditions of each. To invalids, particularly consumptives, who are in search of a climate favorable to the restoration of their physical vitality, it seems to us to contain so much that is valuable, that we purpose a rapid survey of its leading points.

Dr. Bennet's experience altogether favors Mentone, on the Genoese Riviera—a small amphitheatre situated on the coast-line or undercliff of the mountains of Southern Europe, as they reach the Mediterranean. His first winter residence at this place was highly favorable to his condition of health; but the second winter he wished to find a locality even more favorable, one more in the stream of life, present or past, and sought for it in Italy. The search for it, however, was not successful, and the "unhygienic state of the large towns of that classical land partly undid the good previously gained." So he retraced his steps, and again took refuge in Mentone, where he soon obtained a very tolerable degree of convalescence. From this period he passed his winters regularly in Mentone, returning to London each year in the summer months. In time, his southern residence assumed a professional character. But each year a few weeks in the spring have been devoted to the investigations of climates and conditions of other countries on the shores of the Mediterranean; and these various journeys add greatly to the interest and value of his narrative.

The climate of Mentone seems to possess in winter every requisite

for the invalid. It is so dry that a fog is never seen, rain rarely occurs, the atmosphere is cool but sunny, and the whole effect of the climate is bracing and renovating. The invalid is enabled to take daily exercise in the open air throughout the winter, in the midst of magnificent scenery, and surrounded with many agreeable social conditions. A warm climate Dr. Bennet considers unfavorable for pulmonary illness. "Heat and moisture debilitate and relax the economy; moderate cold and a dry atmosphere invigorate and strengthen it." The winter temperature at Mentone is usually below sixty degrees in the shade; but this is now considered by many physicians a favorable temperature for invalids. The custom, once so common, of sending consumptives to warm climates, is nearly abandoned. At Mentone it is never, or seldom, cold and wet at the same time—the worst possible climatic conditions for invalids.

The peculiarly-mild climate of this section is more referable to the protection afforded by mountain-ranges, which screen it from the north-east winds, and to its extreme proximity to the sea, than to latitude. The Riviera is a mere ledge or coast-line at the foot of the mountains. "There are few Italian travellers," says our author, "to whose mind the word 'Riviera' does not recall the recollection of happy days of leisurely vetturino-progress along a sunny, picturesque shore, overshadowed by bold mountains, and inhabited by fishermen who, on a fine autumnal evening, often seem to realize the scene of the market-chorus in 'Maasaniello.'"

Mentone, being situated within a complete amphitheatre of hills, is exceptionally warm even for the Riviera. Its winter climate is warmer than that of Nice, its neighbor—is warmer, indeed, than any part of the northern or central regions of Italy. This is proved by the vegetation. The latitude of Palermo, five degrees farther south, must be reached to find the same vegetation—groves of lemon-trees growing in the open air. The lemon-tree here flowers all the year round. This does not prove a tropical climate, where cold is unknown:

"When the weather is dry, and the sky is covered with clouds, which arrest terrestrial radiation, the fruit of the orange-tree will bear seven degrees Fahrenheit below the freezing-point, without injury, and orange-trees themselves are only killed by eleven degrees of frost. The lemon-fruit, under similar circumstances, can only bear five degrees without injury, and the trees are killed by eight or nine degrees. But, if the cold weather sets in after a thaw or after rain, if the atmosphere is loaded with moisture, or if the sky is cloudless, and the radiation from the earth is thus rapid at night, either the fruit or the trees may perish at a much higher temperature. The inhabitants of southern districts seem to think that a less amount of frost is fatal to lemon and orange trees; but my own experience during ten winters corroborates the above data, taken from Roubaud's work on Nice—a very scientific book.

"On one side of the eastern bay, near the Pont St. Louis, the warmest and most sheltered region of Mentone, the side of the mountain is partially covered with lemon-trees, which ascend on terraces to a considerable height above the sea. They are in flower and perfume the air at all seasons. In these 'warm terraces,' protected from all winds but the south, exposed to the sun from morning to night, winter may be said not to exist. Throughout its entire duration insect life is abundant. The lively lizard never hibernates, but daily basks and sports in the sun, and the brilliant dragon-fly may be seen darting about in mid-winter. The spider spins his web, finding abundant food, and the swallows, or rather the martins, never migrate; they are constantly seen circling among the rocks. The harebell, the red valerian, violets, and our own pretty veronica, flower in December and January in this favored spot long before they appear elsewhere."

The orange, also, flourishes at Mentone, where there are many varieties. "All through the winter season, the orange-groves, covered with their golden fruit, form a charming feature in the landscape, reminding the looker-on of the garden of the Hesperides of olden times." The olive-tree, also, abounds at this spot, and "is the real lord of the Mentone amphitheatre," imparting an Eastern charm to the place.

Mentone in its social aspect is fully described by Dr. Bennet. The inhabitants are gracious and cordial. There are good hotels, and numerous fine villa-residences, at reasonable rent; there are a club and reading room; each winter a number of subscription-balls are given; and, altogether, it has become, with its fifteen hundred English residents, supplied, not only with every convenience for invalid residence, but with almost as many social resources as an English watering-place.

We cannot attempt to follow Dr. Bennet in his various experimental journeys in search of a better winter climate than that of Mentone.

* "Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean; or the Riviera, Mentone, Italy, Corsica, Sicily, Algeria, Spain, and Biarritz, as Winter Climates." By J. HENRY BENNET, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is sufficient to say that he did not succeed. But his narrative of travels is of exceeding interest, and his scientific analysis of the climatic conditions of the shores of the Mediterranean is as valuable as it is interesting.

OUR SOCIAL PARADISE.

A PART from the sweet-faced girls who rule our society in the interest of dress and flirtation, we have no social paradise; and if we confess ourselves unworthy of, or without taste for, the chattering and barren paradise made by the girls of the period, and look beyond them, we find only illegitimate and antisocial pleasures. American women are too often helpless domestic drudges, epitaphs in the parlor, the maternal ushers of our daughters. American girls are like a succession of fresh pictures; but they do not afford us much sympathetic and intelligent social pleasure. In our most plethoric state of fortune they treat us like sacrificial bulls, and lead us to the altars of Fashion, festooned with their favors, but marked for the ceremony so often fatal to our happiness. We would have them as garlands, and behold they smother us with pleasant trivialities. That barren and flimsy goddess Flirtation exacts sacrifices, but gives nothing to us; it does not even introduce us to those antique festivities in which Bacchantes, like rosy hours, wine-flushed, and with intoxicating grace, danced around the voluptuaries of the pagan world. Every thing has become a question of ribbons and chignons and panniers. In losing the abandon of the antique society, we have also lost the dignity of the antique society. If we talk literature, it must be limited to garden-poets and tea-room essayists; if we talk art, it must be to exalt subjects susceptible of the fine-tooth comb treatment; and we must admire those pictures which are most like English lawns and French floors in surface; that is, trimmed and polished, for they are the most agreeable to girls. If we are genuine Americans, "the biggest thing" in the way of landscape art makes us chatter loudest; and we buzz, buzz, about pictures that would pass as ordinary drop-curtains in a Paris theatre, or as good scene-painting at the Porte St. Martin.

Our social paradise? Is it in the auditorium of a theatre? The excitement and the moral of the drama seem debasing to most of us, and the pulpit tells us the playhouse is the antechamber of hell. Is it at the opera? All musical passion and poetic sensibility is next to that fatal abdication of the will and surrender to the emotions which moralists warn us against, as dangerous to our spiritual life. Our austere teachers have led us to suspect every thing: we dare not trust our instincts; we have no innocent social paradise, but on the croquet-ground, by the sea-shore, on the mountains, with a troop of girls, too light-headed, too superficial, too pert to interest us beyond the moment, and serious to us only as possible social associates for life. The women of the New Revolution, like amazons, look upon us to challenge us, and we meet them only as strugglers against them. Our dream of a social paradise corresponding with all our needs, favorable to the agreeable and complete exercise of all our powers and faculties, corresponding with all our senses, is but a dream. We cannot find it among American women, for they have surrendered in the interests of triviality and inexperience. We dare say this in face of the blond-haired and violet-eyed girl of our deepest devotion; we dare accuse the girls of the period of usurping all social attention, and of giving nothing but pretty faces and expensive costumes to our social paradise. They make our hotel parlors, halls, and streets, like living illustrations of Paris fashion-plates; our illustrated journals likewise illustrative of the American mania for girls and fashions. Studies and sketches of girls in novels, in stories, in the wood, on canvas, show that the chief objects of our social paradise are girls. Woman—that is to say, a being consecrated and ripened and dignified by the most hallowing and tender

experience of life, by intelligent and profound sympathy, in a word, a being superior to barren flirtations and ribbons; associated with all the solemnities and all the pleasures of man's life—has the place of a pack-horse, a mere bearer of burdens, in American society. The mother, the wife, has lost her empire over the hearts of men. It is not that we do not admire girls; they are delicious blossoms, giddy and fresh and fluttering to every breezy gallant; but they have such undisputed and universal possession of our social life; in other words, our society is so much an affair of frivolous young people, and so little of an association of charming and experienced women, that it fails to interest and attract the hearts and intellects of men. It is extraordinary, considering the privileges, the freedom of the feminine sex in our life, how little influence it has in politics, in art, in literature. We attribute its want of influence to the pre-eminence of young girls in our society.

We are more forlorn than courageous, more desperate than bold, in this revolt against girls. But, on the brink of social frivolities, witnessing the emptiness of our social paradise, we protest. The gravity of our effort is proportioned to the seeming lightness of the evil. Our task is not unlike an effort to banish the gauze-winged and burnished and gold-dusted and crimson-spotted insects that live their brief hours in gardens and meadows, thick with summer bloom. But we are tired of the fashionable girl who rules our social paradise; heartless as the gay insect buried in the festive flowers, often with a sting too, she buzzes about us in our social contemplations, and monopolizes social life. Then we have the vapid girl, the frivolous girl, the pensive girl; or we have a bevy of milliner-made girls, who forbid any hope of the next generation. Pensive idiots and priggish saints! You will accuse us of brutality, and call us horrid! You will nourish vengeance against us, you will banish us! Already we are appalled at the prospect of persecution from the cruellest portion of a much incensed sex: for girls are cruel; they have the art and patience of spiders, the beauty of moths, the voice of birds, the sense-seductiveness of flowers. But because they have monopolized our social life—because they have made our social paradise empty of every thing but what pleases their verdant taste, and have made fashion and flirtation the chiefest objects of our American social paradise, therefore we have palinodes for our first loves, instead of pæans for the sweet girl-graduates of our land.

If our social paradise is made by girls, it becomes of some moment to us how our girls are educated. If our education has formed them only for frivolities, has given them accomplishments, but failed to inspire in them any real and growing interest in the great elementary things of life—if it has given them facts, but left untouched the springs of love, and undeveloped the sense of beauty, they can hold no beautiful relation to us, but only a relation of self-interest.

The American girl is a type of courage and self-reliance; she has a quick intelligence, and her face is strikingly beautiful: but she is without humility, sweetness, and gentleness, qualities which the poets have endeared to us, which our religion has consecrated, which have been embodied in immortal types. The American girl makes our social paradise, but illustrates no serious and sweet and devotional element. Every thing solemn or sacred is associated in her mind with the proprieties of life and the formalities of religion; even love is a profane sentiment; music and romance are the sole complete and impassioned influences that reach her life; on melody her spirit is upborne, and carried into the vague and remote, and indulged with wild desires, which announce to her a paradise beyond the reach of fashion, and free from the limitations of a prosaic world. But she is introduced into the social world too soon; she is commissioned as a formative spirit too early—before she has been mellowed and sweetened. A girl or woman is only qualified to be an active influence in society after experience has touched her. She makes a fine social paradise only in proportion to the rich-

ness and the harmony of her experience; after she has cast aside every thing harsh and crude, and appears a still and luminous spirit, a bright influence, a radiant friend. But now our social paradise is only furnished with beautiful faces and gay dresses. The æsthetic pleasure is poor; the social intercourse, trivial and a mere provocation of flirtation: of course, we prefer our clubs; of course, after a few idle days at croquet, on the seashore, and in mountains, we abandon the vestals of fashion and flirtation. But if we have been snared by golden curls or brown eyes, then we have found paradise in one instead of many, and we no longer care about the paradise made by girls, but in one face, one girl-face, discover all that explains the ecstasy of poets and the devotion of lovers.

TABLE-TALK.

SOME of our contemporaries are again at that apparently endless subject, the relief of Broadway. The underground railway, the arcade railway, the elevated railway, the surface railway, and parallel railways through side-streets, are up once more for analysis and discussion. The persistent agitation of this subject seems to us to endanger the well-being of our favorite street. A great public thoroughfare must of necessity be a crowded one, else it is not a great thoroughfare; and there is no possible way of preventing occasional jams in any street that is much travelled. If we should succeed, by any of the plans suggested, in diverting travel from Broadway to a considerable extent, we would simply ruin it as a business avenue. The tradesmen along its line flourish because of the very conditions that some are so urgent to remove. It is the gayety, the bustle, the animation, the "tide of chariots to and fro," that render Broadway so attractive to strangers; it is these things that make it almost the finest thoroughfare in the world; and, this being the case, it would simply be suicidal to adopt any plan to draw off the very attractions to which it owes all its reputation and all its glory. But the street at some points is always choked up, replies some one, and rendered almost impassable. This is true. But the difficulty arises almost solely from the cross-travel, which ceaselessly obstructs the downward and upward flow of traffic, and makes confusion worse confounded. Let any one watch matters at Chambers Street or Fulton Street for a little while, and he will soon be convinced that the up-and-down travel, heavy as it is, would flow smoothly and swiftly were it not for the serious obstructions it encounters at these points. Let tunnels, therefore, be cut under Broadway at the two localities named. The long rows of trucks, market-wagons, and other vehicles, that now struggle so desperately across the current of Broadway travel in their journey from river to river, would then be passing under the thoroughfare, and leave the surface free to the legitimate travel of the street. It would be well also to widen Ann Street, which would enable a great many vehicles that come from the Brooklyn ferries, and go up-town on the eastern side, to reach Chatham Street without forcing themselves into the Broadway current just at its most crowded point. In brief, instead of dispersing Broadway travel, and relieving the street by destroying it, let us address ourselves to the real cause of all the difficulty.

— Mr. A. H. Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, writes from Naples, under date of October 14, 1869, that, among the recent discoveries at Pompeii, there is one of considerable interest, and altogether of a novel character. On the walls of a house, of no great size, and evidently belonging to persons of the poorer class, was found a view of the Amphitheatre of Pompeii, of the city walls and towers adjoining it, and of a building of considerable size, apparently depending upon the amphitheatre, the remains of which must still be underground, and for which the authorities are going to search. Although this landscape is rudely executed, and is evidently the work of a mere dauber, it represents very accurately the general features of the remains of the amphitheatre now existing: the exterior staircases, built upon arches, leading to the upper vomitoria, the arena (the walls of which are represented as painted to imitate marble, and so they were found when first dug out), the city walls, the towers, etc. The artist has recorded in his picture the fight between the people of Pompeii and Noceræ, which commenced in the amphitheatre, and led

to its being closed for ten years by Nero. Various groups of combatants are seen on the gradines of the amphitheatre, in the arena, on the walls of the city, and in the open space surrounding the building. Men are falling wounded, and others lie dead on the ground. In the space surrounding the amphitheatre are seen trees, and stalls protected from the sun by awnings, such as are now everywhere erected in the streets of Naples; fruit and lemonade were probably sold in them; in one is a bench exactly like those now in common use. Men and women are seen flying from the fight which is raging, some apparently carrying away their goods. This very curious painting is especially interesting as being the only existing ancient view of a building the details of which can be identified. If similar views of Rome, Pompeii, and other cities, executed by competent artists, had been preserved, they would have been invaluable. Unfortunately, sketches of this kind were made by very inferior painters, who appear to have amused themselves by daubing on the walls, while artists of a superior class seem to have confined themselves either to the reproduction of well-known pictures, or to the representation of the usual myths, fables, and legends.

— It is notably singular how utterly Gustave Doré fails whenever he attempts to illustrate an English author. His genius is completely out of sympathy with theirs. Even with those subjects which, from their grandeur, or their imaginative character, would seem to suit the peculiar tendency of his genius, his drawings seem to lack nearly all those admirable and surprising qualities which, in Dante and Cervantes, have made him so noted. His last attempt, a series of illustrations to the poems of Hood, is, like "Idyls of the King" and "Paradise Lost," very unsatisfactory. That there are power, invention, and even genius in many of the drawings to Hood, is not to be denied; but they fail to translate the spirit of the poems. This is especially noticeable in the designs for "The Bridge of Sighs." The "Unfortunate" gives no idea of the character or the situation. One illustration shows her standing on the bridge, preparing for the final leap. All the accessories of the picture are striking; but, instead of the "houseless by night" who "stood with amazement" as

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled,—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world—"

we have a figure posed in a sad, contemplative mood, as if apostrophizing the river, or composing a sonnet. There is in the figure nothing of the desperation, the madness, the wild desire to escape "anywhere, anywhere, out of the world," which the poem so forcibly depicts. In the next drawing, showing the drowned woman, drawn from the bed of the river, there are none of the frightful horrors of the picture—the "eyes staring so blindly," the lips "oozing so clammy," the wet, stained garments; but, instead of this, the body is composed with every regard to neatness and propriety. It is a stage death, with properly-arranged robes, and features in a smooth and proper composure; not the death of the drowned, with all its appalling conditions. The drawings to "The Dream of Eugene Aram" possess all the marks of Doré's style—his imagination, his invention, his love of the exaggerated in effect—but they seem remote, unlike, strained in comparison with the simple but fearful tragedy. The accessories are far too elaborate for the story. It has been often suggested that Doré should illustrate Poe's "Raven;" but it may now be doubted whether he would succeed in embodying the ordinary English conception of the poem.

— Women who painted their faces, in order to heighten their charms or to conceal defects, were evidently regarded by the ancient Jews, if we may judge from certain passages in the Old Testament, as persons of bad character. And a similar prejudice existed in England two centuries ago, when Evelyn wrote in his Diary, under the date of June 11, 1654: "I now observed that the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing." In England, at the present day, self-painting is exceedingly common among women of the highest social class and standing, and, though less prevalent in this country, is by no means a rare phenomenon. A writer in *London Society* says that, to paint the skin of the face blue, at the corners of the eyes, for a small space, shading off in the direction of the ear,

gives a languishing softness to the countenance, and that it will make the greatest of shrews look lovely, mild, and meek. We are also told that darkening the eyelids, and the skin under the eyes, adds greatly to female beauty, and this and similar arts of the toilet; it is said, are practised more by respectable people in London than in Paris or Vienna. The practice, however, is dangerous, even when used as a temporary embellishment. Rouge and its accompaniments hurt the skin, and, after a time, make all natural renovation impossible. The curious part of this modern face-painting is, that it is apparently not intended to deceive. Nobody is likely to believe that faces are stippled blue by Nature. Women paint themselves in this manner, not with the expectation of deluding anybody into the belief that the adornments are natural, but with the singular notion that these artificial embellishments are in themselves more beautiful than any thing that Nature can produce. Art is preferred to Nature, and artificial veins and eyes, painted into softness, and lids made languishing by the help of bistre and a camel's-hair brush, are held to be finer and more effective than the genuine articles.

— According to one of our foreign exchanges they have a deliciously summary way in Russia of extinguishing writers of bad poetry, that makes us long for a Russian police and Russian police regulations. "A mode of publication," says a London journal, "not unusual in Italy, but novel to Russia, was very recently adopted at the Great Theatre in Moscow. Every one who has been in an Italian theatre, on an actress's benefit-night, will remember the rain of colored paper which descends from the upper boxes on the pit, containing poems in honor of the heroine of the evening. A similar shower, falling through the aperture above the great chandelier, astonished the Moscow audience the other night. On being examined, the papers were found to contain verses which a certain hitherto unknown writer, called Ogloblin ('Phœbus, what a name!'), had thought fit to publish in this novel manner. His sentiments appear to have been highly patriotic, but his poetry was exceedingly bad; so the police immediately took him into custody." And yet, if bad poetry in America should become penal in this way, we should have to build new prisons. Our own New-York State prison seems to have been prophetically named for the incarceration of such would-be singers. "Sing Sing" is obviously just the place for offenders in bad verse, and desperate breakers of the literary peace.

— We reported in the JOURNAL, two or three numbers ago, a singular epitaph we had noticed on a Greenwood tombstone, designed to express the absolute oneness or unity of husband and wife. In Baring-Gould's recently-issued work on "The Origin of Religious Belief," we find a few illustrations of a similar sentiment in religious feeling, whereby the devotee seeks, by intense concentration of affection for the Divinity, to lose his identity in the Creator. The Buddhist sought, by abstraction of mind, to destroy his individuality; and Sufism, one form of Eastern worship, is a species of sentimental mysticism, well illustrated by a fable, representing human love seeking admission into the sanctuary of the Divinity: "One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice from within cried, 'Who is there?' Then he answered, 'It is I;' and the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee;' so the door remained shut. Then the lover sped away into a wilderness, and fasted and prayed in solitude; and after a year he returned, and knocked again at the door, and again the voice demanded, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is thou;' then the door was opened to him."

— In Thackeray's pleasant poem of "Bouillabaisse," the great satirist tells us how he wandered into an old haunt of his younger days—a certain restaurant in Paris—and how there, while waiting for the special delicacy of the establishment, he thought over the friends of former days who used to partake with him of that and of the Gascon wine which may have followed:

"There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage,
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet,
And brave Augustus drives his carriage,
And poor old Fred's in the Gazette.
On James's head the grass is growing,
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace—
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the bouillabaisse."

The "laughing Tom" of Thackeray's recollection was, it is stated on good authority, Mr. Thomas Fraser, the secretary of the Hudson's-Bay Company, whose death was lately recorded in the English newspapers.

— The Cardiff Giant, as the statue dug up in Onondaga County is familiarly called, is not only a hoax itself, but a breeder of other hoaxes. A plaster imitation of it has been made by an enterprising artist, and publicly exhibited in New York as the original. The real statue, however, being still on exhibition in Albany, it became manifest, even to the most credulous minds, that the giant could not well be in two places at the same time. The origin of the imposture is still a mystery. But no one competent to judge of such matters has any doubt that the giant is a statue, that it was cut by the sculptor's chisel, certainly not more than thirty years ago, and probably not more than two or three, and was placed where it was found for purposes of deception, and as a speculation to make money. In this last respect the concocters and managers of the hoax seem to have abundant reason to be satisfied with the result of their enterprise.

Scientific Notes.

A SWEDISH astronomer, Angström, has succeeded, on several occasions, in obtaining the spectrum of the luminous arc which bounds the dark circle of the aurora borealis. The light of this arc is almost monochromatic, and exhibits a single brilliant band, situated to the left of the well-known group of calcine lines, and (which is very remarkable) not coinciding with any of the known rays or bands of simple or compound gases. Another circumstance, which, as the discoverer observes, gives a special and almost cosmical importance to this observation, is this, namely, he succeeded in observing the spectrum of the zodiacal light, and here the same bright band was seen. "Indeed," he adds, "during a starlight night, when the sky was almost phosphorescent, I found traces of this band visible from all parts of the heavens." Angström's observations on the aurora were corrected to the winter of 1867-'68, and have since been confirmed by himself and several other physicists. The spectroscopic examination of the zodiacal light completely overthrows the view, generally held by astronomers, that this phenomenon is due to the reflection of the sun's light from a belt of meteors circulating between the sun and the earth, and shows that, like the auroral light, it must be due to magnetic disturbance in the firmament. According to Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn, the aurora is indirectly due to the trade-winds. In a very elaborate memoir which he read at the September meeting of the German Scientific and Medical Association, he stated that, in his opinion, the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism are due to the trade-winds. He sums up his reasons as follows: "The lowest strata of the trade-winds assume, by friction with the surface of the sea, an electrical condition, the opposite of that of the water. The air then rises under the warmth of the sun, and the colder air from the pole streams in underneath, driving it toward the pole, when, from its high state of electric tension, it produces the aurora." He adds that the constant disturbance of electrical equilibrium which is manifested by the frequently-varying direction of the magnetic needle, is due to the greater electric activity of the southern hemisphere than of the northern, owing to the physical conformation of the globe.

M. Silbermann lately presented to the Meteorological Society of France the plan of a balloon, intended for scientific journeys and explorations of short or long duration, which he pretends will fulfil a number of the desiderata of science, of which the following are the principal features: The possibility of making ascents from any point, at any season, and at any hour of the day or night; of prolonging indefinitely, within certain limits, the duration of the ascension; of rising and falling without losing any ascensional resources; of making safe and easy descents; of lighting and warming the machine during the night without danger, and preparing warm food in the cold regions of the air; of preserving the instruments from the action of heat; of making signals by day or night by means of colored lights or fire-arms; of warding off the danger of too great an accumulation of electricity on the surface of the aërostat; of preventing the cover from taking fire; of rendering it untearable; of hindering it from condensing humidity on the surface, and being injured by the action of the sun; and of avoiding sudden falls in case of accident. M. Silbermann maintained that the great importance of the physical, astronomical, and geographical studies that might be undertaken and accomplished successfully by means of his improved balloon ought to be sufficient to induce them to give it a fair trial. The society then named a commission of competent members to thoroughly examine M. Silbermann's ideas and proposals, and to draw out a report regarding their practicability.

Dr. Fayer, an English physician in India, communicates to the *Indian Medical Gazette* an extraordinary case of the effect of imagination on the physical system. He says: "Some time ago, on visiting the hospital one morning, I was told that a man had been admitted during the night suffering from a snake-bite, and that he was very low. I

found him in a state of great prostration, he was hardly able to speak, and seemed to be in a state of great depression. He and his friends said that, during the night, in going into his hut, a snake bit him in the foot; that he was much alarmed, and rapidly passed into a state of insensibility when they brought him to the hospital. They and he considered that he was dying, and evidently regarded his condition as hopeless. On being asked for a description of the snake, they said they had caught it, and brought it with them in a bottle. The bottle was produced, and the snake turned out to be a small, innocent lycodon. It was alive, though somewhat injured by the treatment it had received. On explaining to the man and his friends that it was harmless, and with some difficulty making them believe it, the symptoms of poisoning rapidly disappeared, and he left the hospital as well as ever he was in his life, in a few hours."

MM. François Lenormant and Ernest Hamy have forwarded to the Paris Academy of Sciences a communication, dated from Thebes, informing the members of an important discovery they had just made of ancient flint weapons, at Djebel-el-Malouk, during their excursion to Upper Egypt. Until the present instance, no traces whatever were found of the age of stone in Egypt, so that the discovery of the two French savants is a matter of some scientific importance. The bed of cut flints extends over a space of one hundred yards square, and comprises collections of all the cut and carved stones known by the designation of axes, knives, lance-heads, arrow-heads, etc. MM. Wurtz, Ballard, Berthelot, Jamin, Broca, etc., visited the bed, carefully examined the different objects, and confirmed the interesting discovery of MM. Hamy and Lenormant.

Miscellaneous.

THE ruins of a once important city, the ancient capital of the Roman provinces of Thracia, the site of which was unknown, have just been discovered. At the distance of five miles from Dymes, at the mouth of the Hebre, a series of ruins extends for a considerable space, in the midst of vast marshes. The insalubrity of this region has made it almost a desert, and this explains why the last vestiges of a great capital have not sooner attracted the attention of travellers. These ruins are evidently those of Trajanopolis, an inscription in Latin, still legible, placed there by the Romans, bearing the name of the city, being almost sufficient to prove the correctness of the supposition. The distance of these ruins from Adrianople exactly agrees with the figures mentioned by the ancients. The scattered remains visible indicate the existence of a once important city; an acropolis, and the remains of regularly-constructed walls, embracing an area of four miles, have been discovered and carefully explored. The acropolis contains the remains of buildings belonging to the third century of our era, architraves, broken columns, pedestals, and mural inscriptions being everywhere strewn about. In the middle ages, the ancient capital was replaced by a Byzantine city, which became an archbishopric, and which left behind numerous traces of its power and influence. M. Albert Dumont, member of the French Academy of Athens, found a great number of inscriptions engraven on the surrounding rocks, one of which proves the existence of a place called "The Holy Ground." As for the ancient constructions, it is probable that they were used by the Turks in the construction of the large fortresses of Dymes and Enos. The suburbs of the city, outside the walls, covered a surface of two square leagues, inclining toward the Hebre and the sea, which at one time they doubtless reached. The local traditions everywhere agree that the city was at one time exceedingly rich and populous. The discovery of Trajanopolis bears evidence upon a particular point that very much required clearing up. It was, how any people could construct a great capital in the midst of pestilential marshes; it is, however, certain that the Romans would never have established themselves in such a place as the banks of the Hebre unless the country had been much more salubrious than now. This question and these reflections caused active searches to be made to discover whether no artificial works had been undertaken to canalize the mouths of the river, and if no traces of them yet remained visible. The search made was entirely successful, a series of remains of magnificent dikes and embankments having been discovered and examined by competent parties.

On the 1st of November last, the inhabitants of the town of Oran, Algeria, turned out in great numbers to witness the approach of a tide of unparalleled height and violence, which submerged the coast-line far beyond the ordinary mark, and destroyed in its course much valuable property. On the tide's ebbing, when the danger was supposed to be over, great submarine billows broke over the harbor and coast from a northeasterly direction, and beat furiously against the splendid new mole, lately constructed for the protection of the port, for the space of thirty-six hours. Receding, the immense waves uncovered the founda-

tions of the mole to the depth of eight yards below the ordinary water-level, and, advancing, they broke high over the vessels within the harbor, some of them sending their spray clean over Fort Lamonne—that is to say, more than a hundred yards high. These terrible shocks, repeated with regularity every minute, soon racked and rent the pier on the sea-side; in the space of a few hours, great fissures on the top, and on the side next the town, became visible, and its total destruction was then seen to be inevitable. The scene that followed baffles all description; enormous blocks of stone were swept out of their place like straws; solid masses of masonry, thirty yards in length, quivered for a moment, and were then hurled into the seething abyss below; and, before evening, scarcely a vestige remained of the once splendid mole, which, on the morning of the same day, measured nine hundred yards in length, and seemed well able to resist the storms of many centuries. During the whole period of the catastrophe, the air was calm on shore, and, at a few miles' distance from the port of Oran, on the sea, no storm was experienced by the passing coasting-vessels, thus proving beyond a doubt that the disturbance was local, and not general, and giving some ground to the supposition that it was the effect of a submarine earthquake.

"In neatness," says Professor Pumpelly, "I do not believe that the Japanese are surpassed by any people; and, if 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' certainly the daily parboiling to which every one of the population submits himself may go far toward absolving them from other sins. Every house has its bath—a simple tub, large enough to allow one to sit down with the knees doubled. A copper tube passing through the water at one end, and having the bottom perforated for a draught, contains a little burning charcoal, which soon heats the bath. Toward evening this is warmed, and the household, beginning with the master and ending with the servants, take their turns.

"Although every house has its tub, the towns abound in public baths, where, for a trifle, a more luxurious scrubbing can be had. And these public places are an institution of the country quite as remarkable as any other. There is a door marked 'for men,' and one 'for women;' but this distinction ends after crossing the threshold, for, on entering, men, women, and children are seen scrubbing each other, enjoying cold and hot douches, and making a perfect babel of the room with their loud chattering and laughter.

"This custom, shocking as it seems to a European, appears to be perfectly compatible with Japanese ideas of modesty and propriety, and a Japanese lady of undoubted virtue finds nothing wrong in the practice. I shall long remember an incident which convinced me of the truth of this statement. During my stay at one of the mines on Yesso, where there is a hot spring, I went one evening with one of the officers of our staff to take a bath. The small spring-house had an outer-room for servants and miners, and an inner compartment for the officers and their families; but this division was only above the water, which ran from the spring into a box about three feet deep and eight feet long. As we entered the inner compartment we found the wife of the chief officer bathing with her children. Before I had time to withdraw, the lady came out; and, politely offering us the bath, remarked that, as there would not be room for all of us, she would go with the children to the other compartment. The whole thing was done so gracefully, and without the slightest embarrassment on her part, that I began to wonder from what direction would come the next shock to preconceived ideas of propriety. *Honi soit qui mal y pense* is perhaps as applicable in a Japanese public bath as in the galleries of sculpture of the Vatican."

Dr. Bennet, in his "Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean," refers as follows to the chestnut-tree in Corsica: "Entire districts," he says, "on the eastern shore of the island are covered with splendid chestnut-forests. One of the eastern districts, indeed, having the little town of Piedicroce for its centre, is called the Castagniccia, or Chestnut Country. It has ever been famous in history for the unconquerable intrepidity and love of freedom of its inhabitants. Throughout centuries of tyranny and oppression in Corsica, they have never been entirely subdued, and that principally owing to their chestnut-trees. Formerly, and even now, their main food is the chestnut, with scant assistance from the oil of the olive-trees, the wine of the vines, and the flesh and milk of their sheep. The chestnut-tree wants no cultivation whatever, no watching. Like the bread-fruit-tree of the tropics, it produces fruit that only requires gathering when ripe, and in this climate it never fails to produce a crop. Thus the inhabitants of the Castagniccia could fight all the year round, and yet live. They might be hemmed in on all sides in their mountain-fastnesses, all ingress might be stopped for years, and yet they would flourish. These times have passed away; for more than half a century there has been peace in Corsica, but still the inhabitants of the Castagniccia retain their desultory habits. They live, I am told, in sober idleness, play at cards, and talk politics all day, and work as little as they can possibly help. Their artificial modern wants, even, are easily supplied by the sale of the surplus chestnut-crop, now rendered easy by the increased facility of communication with the Continent."

Captain Carlson, commander of a Norwegian ship, which sailed northward, in May last, on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions, has just returned to Sweden, after having explored the northern coast of Siberia, and more especially the Sea of Kara. This sea, which washes the southern shores of Nova Zembla and a peninsula of the Government of Tobolsk, not far from the mouths of the two principal rivers of Siberia, Obi and Yenisei, was hitherto supposed to be frozen up, the ice forming a constant obstacle to free and regular navigation. M. Carlson, however, has discovered a passage free from every impediment, by which it will be possible to establish during the summer months a very short way of communication between Siberia and the port of Tromsø, in Norway. The distance between the river Obi and Tromsø is not much greater than the entire length of the coast of Norway. It is sufficient to indicate this fact, in order to appreciate its full value and importance as regards the creation and development of commercial relations with Siberia, the mineral riches and diversified products of which have only one outlet—viz., by the long and difficult route through Russia. Captain Palliser, an English Arctic explorer, followed the same route, about the same time, as Captain Carlson (their movements, however, being unknown to each other), and his report agrees in every particular with that of Captain Carlson.

The idea of making Paris a seaport, by means of a canal connecting it with the sea, is no new project. It was first thought of by Sully, was again entertained by Colbert, and also by the first Napoleon. In the Palais de l'Industrie, at Paris, is a model in relief, three hundred feet long, giving the proposed line between Dieppe and Paris. Passing through the valleys of Arques, Bethune, and Thérain, it crosses at Beauvais the projected canal between Amiens and Rouen. It then enters the valley of the Oise, traverses that river into the valley of the Seine, and, passing St. Denis, enters Paris on the plains of St. Ouen. Its course is nearly similar to that of the new railway between Dieppe and Paris. The length of the canal is one hundred miles; its width, two hundred and sixty feet; and its depth, thirty-three feet, sufficient to admit of the free passage of ships-of-war, or even of the Great Eastern. A new port is to be made at Dieppe, and the port of Paris is to consist of twenty-four basins, capable of containing three thousand ships. The engineering difficulties appear to be trifling. The greatest obstacle probably to carrying out the plan is the cost, estimated at thirty-two millions sterling.

The English papers publish a correspondence between Wilkie Collins and Messrs. Belinfante Brothers, of the Hague, publishers of the *Stuyvers Magasin*, who are reprinting Mr. Collins's last romance, "Man and Wife." There is no international copyright between Holland and England, and hence appropriations of this sort are common. The Dutch publishers, it seems, addressed Mr. Collins as *Madame Wilkie Collins*, and absolutely offered the author a copy of their journal as a sort of complimentary compensation for reprinting his novel. Mr. Collins's rejoinder is sufficiently pungent, and he disposes of the mistake as to his sex as follows: "Your letter is addressed to me as '*Madame Wilkie Collins*.' I avow it with sincere regret; but the interests of truth are sacred. The trumpet of Fame, gentlemen, has played the wrong tune in your ears. I am not the charming person whom you suppose me to be. I wear trousers; I have a vote for Parliament; I possess a beard; in two dreadful words, I am—a man."

Parisian wine-shops are regularly visited by twenty-eight inspectors, all of whom have passed an examination in wine-tasting. Twelve samples of wine are placed before each candidate, who is not only expected to know the *crus* of each wine, but also to know how the wine is adulterated, and what are the principal ingredients used for this purpose. When the liquor is found impure or unwholesome, it is thrown into the Seine. "We can only wish," says the *Spectator*, "that there was a similar custom in London. What a clearance it would make! How the Thames would run with wine, like fountains in ancient rejoicings! And the profession of wine-inspector would afford a magnificent opening for those younger sons whose talents are now hidden in the napkins of dinner-parties, or only find a vent in catering for circuit messes. Even the test applied would hardly deter them; indeed, it might have the effect of making competitive examinations popular." Instead of wine-glasses, small, shallow, silver cups of *repausé* work, reflecting the rich hues of the wine, which flashes and sparkles like liquid rubies, are used by the Parisian wine-inspectors. The shallow cup also enables the bouquet to be smelled very conveniently, an operation which always precedes the tasting.

Halleck, in his poem of "Alnwick Castle," contrasts the romantic past with the prosaic present age, in which—

"Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in mait,
The Douglas in red-herrings."

One is reminded of these lines by the circumstance that the Earl of Dudley has been the proprietor of the market-tolls of the town from

which he takes his title; and the value of such tolls may be judged from the fact that they were lately purchased from him by the Town Council of Dudley for the sum of ten thousand pounds. Thus, this noble patron of the arts was, up to that time, also the proprietor of the market-tolls of a country town.

A writer in *Once a Week* states that an omnibus-driver in London assured him that he knew an infallible remedy for rheumatism, which was to steal a potato and carry it in your pocket. "Shortly afterward, mentioning this to a gentleman who has made his fortune in trade in the city, he produced from his pocket what appeared to be a flat, black pebble, which he told me was a potato that he had stolen, and had carried about in his pocket till it had shrivelled up to its then state. He assured me that its effects in relieving him of the pain had been marvellous, but that it had got worn out now, he supposed, from the time he had had it, and he thought he must steal another, as the pains were returning."

The fondness of certain animals for fruits is well known, and in many countries is the cause of great annoyance and loss to the husbandmen; yet there is sometimes a retributive justice which visits upon the marauder punishment for his offence. One of the most curious instances of this is to be found in Burgundy, where the wolves suffer so much in summer from thirst, owing to the scarcity of water in the forests, that they rush to the vineyards and take their fill of grapes. The effect upon them is that the juice ferments in their stomachs, the fumes rise to their heads, they reel about like human beings, they become intoxicated, and then they fall into the powerful iron traps which are set for them, and from which escape is impossible.

The "breaking of the seals" in the house of Sainte-Beuve, in Paris, occasioned quite a scene. When the justice of the peace proceeded to perform that ceremony, a notary stepped forward and said he claimed certain letters on behalf of the Princess Mathilde. A commissary of police, representing the government, said he supported the claim. And then another notary said he appeared for the next of kin of the deceased, opposed the breaking of the seals at that moment; and opposed the will, which he was prepared to show was fraudulent, if not forged. M. Sainte-Beuve left all his fortune to his private secretary; the family now allege that the secretary made the will himself, and a very pretty litigation is likely to ensue.

The special guests of the Viceroy of Egypt have formed an excursion-party, for the purpose of ascending the Nile, and thoroughly exploring the grottoes of Elethia, situated upon the right bank of the river, farther up than Thebes, Hermonthis, and Latopolis, before reaching Apollinopolis. These grottoes are two in number, the sides of which are decorated with paintings in the usual style of the Egyptians, representing altogether two hundred personages, each being ten inches in height. The principal paintings are the personifications of the seasons and the trophies of science and art, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping, securing the harvest, vine-growing, wine-making, fishing, the chase, commerce, ship-building, navigation, the administration of justice, etc.

Among the new books of the month is a neatly-printed volume entitled "Titania's Banquet, Pictures of Woman, and other Poems," by George Hill. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Some of our readers, whose memories extend back some two-score years, will remember the pleasure with which Mr. Hill's poems were received on their first appearance. Mr. Bryant pronounced the *brochure* "a volume of uncommonly beautiful poetry;" and Willis wrote, "I did not think we had in America so clear a vein of fancy." The poems of Mr. Hill, who, like Halleck, is a native of Guilford, Conn., will be welcomed in their new and attractive dress by many old readers and numerous new ones, for among his productions may be found many charming verses.

The poet Tennyson is building for himself "a lordly pleasure-house," as the man who is making four thousand pounds a year by his verses can well afford to do. He has cleared some fine forest-land on the Surrey hills, and is erecting there a spacious dwelling, surrounded by extensive grounds.

The Museum.

THE worst of the great epidemics of the Middle Ages was the Black Death. This celebrated plague, standing alone in its colossal horror, originated in China, in the earlier part of the fourteenth century. Its accompaniments were ghastly and terrific in the last degree. It overran three-quarters of the globe, and swept off a hundred millions of human beings. Twenty-five millions perished under its stroke in Europe. During its prevalence a pestilential gale blew over the island of Cyprus, beneath which the inhabitants instantly fell dead in hundreds, as if death had opened a forge in the air and blasted them with fire. In the city of Venice, over a hundred thousand died in a few months. Fifty

thousand victims in London were buried together, indiscriminately, in one enormous pit. Such universal terror went abroad that all ties were broken, all motives loosened. Here the most brutal debauchery ran riot. There seclusion, denial, and superstitious rites were seen. The ground rocked beneath the tread of armies of the flagellants, scourging their backs with bloody whips, and striking cliff, wall, and sky, with the chorus of their Judgment Hymn. The monks, partaking of the general fright, closed their gates and betook themselves to prayers and masses. All classes of people carried their treasures, money, and precious vessels, and threw them in heaps over the walls of the monasteries as deprecatory offerings to religion.—W. R. ALGER.

The beautiful point-lace made at Honiton, in Devonshire, England, has long been famous, but its manufacture is not now confined to the town from which it takes its name, but extends over a great part of the



Honiton Lace-Worker.

country, especially along the eastern and a part of the southern coast. In the early part of the present century, the lace-manufacturers of Honiton employed about two thousand five hundred women and children in the town and neighboring villages. But the introduction of the bobbinet machinery, about fifty or sixty years ago, greatly injured the trade, though the number of persons employed in lace-making in the whole country is still estimated at from seven to eight thousand. It is a kind of household manufacture, carried on in the cottages of the poor, and not in large factories. Honiton lace is produced by fixing a "pricking," viz., a perforated pattern of card-board, or parchment, upon a cushion called a "pillow." Pins are then inserted into the perforations of the pattern; next we have a number of little bobbins, or spindles, technically "sticks," upon which is wound the fine thread for making the work. These are thrown under and over one another among the pins, in various directions, so as to twist or interweave the requisite pattern.

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This is a brief description of the process; more minute details would only confuse, without making the matter more intelligible. Honiton lace has lately obtained a new celebrity in England, having been much used by her present majesty and the various members of the royal family, and by leaders of fashion in dress.

A philanthropic naturalist, Mr. Higford Burr, who resides in a beautiful park at Aldermaston, near Reading, England, offers his grounds as an asylum to English snakes, and requests people to send him snakes' eggs and live snakes in any quantity. He says that a snake, hunting for frogs along the margin of a still pond in the hot, noonday sun, is one of the most interesting sights that a naturalist can witness. Perhaps he would like to receive a few American rattlesnakes, copperheads, and moccasins, to give variety to his collection. If our readers happen to have any live snakes that they wish to part with, they can send them to Mr. Higford Burr.

M. Costa, an engineer in the pope's service, has submitted to his superiors a project for improving the course of the Tiber, with a view to reestablish, at Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, which has at last received the necessary sanction. The ancient port was founded by Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome, and was used without interruption until the year 1612 A. D., in the reign of Paul V., after which time it suffered from neglect, and became choked up. The author of the project has begun operations, and hopes to carry them out successfully within the lifetime of the present pontiff, when the once famous port will again be opened to ships and commerce.

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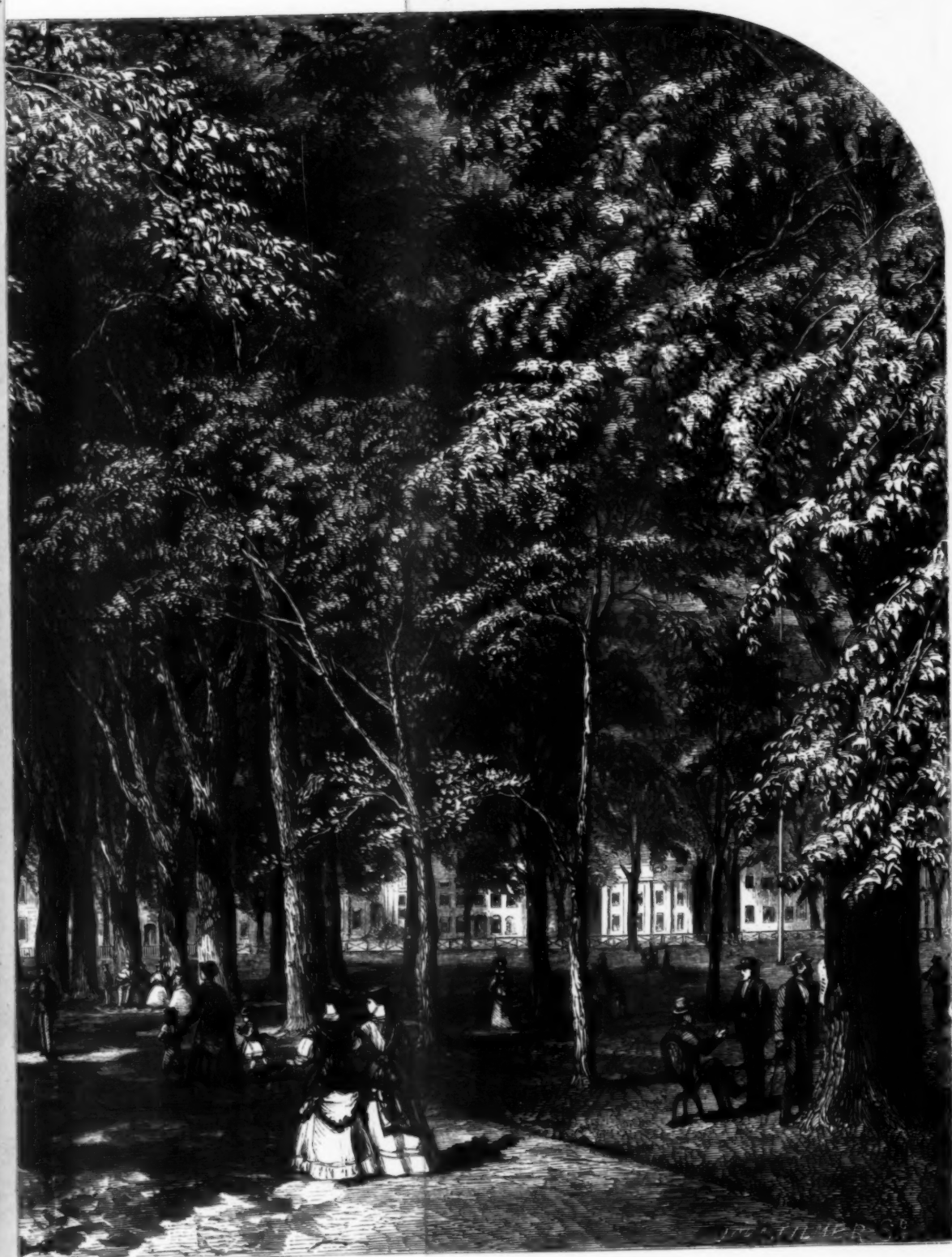
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